

GREENES

Neuer too Late.

BOTH PARTS.

Sent to all youthfull GENTLEMEN,
desciphering in a true English Historie, those
particular vanities, that with their Frostie va-
pours, nip the blossomes of euery braine,
from attaining to his intended
perfection.

As pleasant as profitable, being a right Pumice stone,
apt to race out idlenesse with delight, and
folly with admonition,

By ROBERT GREENE, In artibus
Magister.

Omne tulit punctum.



LONDON

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Dunstons Churchward in Fleetstreete ynder the

GERALD

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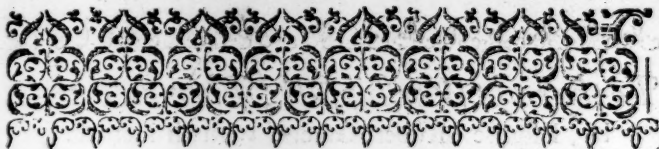
To the right Worshipfull, Thomas Barnaby, Esquire : Robert Greene wisheth increase of all honorable vertues.



Vch (right Worshipfull) as coueted to decke the Temple of *Delphos*, adorned the shrine eyther with greene bayes, or curious instruments, because *Apollo* d'das well patronize Musicke, as Poetry. When the *Troians* sought to pacifie the wrath of *Pallas*, the peoples presents were Bookes and Launces, to signifie her Deitie, as well defended by letters as armes. And they which desired to be in the fauour of *Alexander*, brought him either wise Philosophers, or hardie Souldiers: for he sought Counsellors like *Aristotle*, and Captaines like *Perdiccas*. Seeing then how gifts are the more gratefully accepted, by how much the more they fit the humor of the partie; to gratifie your Worship with something that might signifie, how in all bounden dutie I haue for sundry fauours bene affected to your Worship: and finding my abilitie to be vnfit to present you with any thing of worth, at last I resolu'd so farre to presume, as to trouble your Worship with the patronage of this Pamphlet, knowing you are such a *Mecenas* of learning, that you will as soone vouch with *Augustus* a few verses, given by a poore Greeke, as of the Arabian Courser, presented by *Titinius*. The Booke is little, yet drawne from a large principle: *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via*. Wherein I haue discovered so artificially the fraudulent effects of *Venus* trumperies, and so plainly, as in a plat-forme, laid open the preiudiciall pleasures of loue, that Gentlemen may see, that as the Diamond is beauteous to the sight, and yet deadly poyson to the stomack; that as the *Bacan* leafe containeth both the Antidote, and the Aconiton, so loue (vnlesse onely grounded vpon vertue) breedeth more disparagement to the credit, than content to the fancie. If then (right Worshipfull) out of this confused Chaos, Gentlemen shall gather any principles, whereby to direct their actions, and that from rash resolute maintainers of *Venus* heresies, they become reformed Champions to defend *Vestaes* Philosphies; then all the profit and pleasure that shall redound to them by this Pamphlet, shall be attributed to your Worship, as to the man, by whose meanes this *Nunquam sera* came to light. Hoping therefore, your Worship will with a fauourable insight, enter more into the minde of the giuer, then the worth of the gift, I commit your Worship vnto the Almighty.

Your Worships humbly
to command.

Rob. Greene.



To the Gentlemen Readers.



Vch (Gentlemen) as had their eares fild with the harmonie of *Orpheus* harpe, could not abide the harshne musicke of *Hiparchions* pipe, yet the *Theffalians* would allowe the poore Fidler licence to frolicke it among Sheapheards. Though no pictures would go for currant with *Alexander*, but such as past through *Apelles* pensil, yet poore men had rheir houses shadowed with *Phidias* course colours. *Ennius* was called a Poet as well as *Virgil*, and *Vulcane* with his polt foote friske with *Venus* as well as *Mars*.

Gentlemen, if I presume to present you, as hitherto I have done, with friuolous toyes: yet for that I stretch my strings as I can, if you praise me not with *Orpheus*, hisle me not out with *Hiparchion*: If I paint not with *Apelles*, yet scrape not out my shadowes with disgrace: if I sturre my stumps with *Vulcan*, though it bee lamely done yet it is a dance: so, if my *Nunquam sera* please not, yet I pray you passe it ouer with patience, and say, tis a booke. So hoping I shal find you as cuer I haue done, I end,

Rob. Greene.



A Madrigall to wanton Louers.

YOV that by *Alcidalions* filuer brookes,
 Sit and sigh out the passions of your loues,
 That on your Goddesse beauties feed your lookes,
 And pamper vp sweet *Venus* wanton doues,
 That seeke to sit by *Cupids* seorching fire,
 And dallie in the fountaine of desire:

You that account no heauen like *Venus* sphere,
 That thinke each dimple in your Mistresse chin
 Earths Paradise, that deeme her golden haire,
 Tresses of blisse wherein to wander in:

That sigh and court suppliant, all to proue
Cupid is God, and ther's no heauen but loue:

Come see the worke that *Greene* hath slilie wrought,
 Take but his *Nunquam sera* in your view,
 As in a mirroure there is deeply taught,
 The wanton vices of proud fancies crew:
 There is depainted by most curious art,
 How loue and folly iump in euery part.

There may you see repentance all in blacke,
 Scourging the froward passions of fond youth,
 How fading pleasures end in dismall wracke,
 How Louers ioyes are tempred all with ruth.
 Sith then his *Nunquam sera* yeeldes such gaines,
 Reade it, and thanke the Author for his paines.

Ralph Sidney.



Sape etiam hortulanus vir valde opportuna locutus est.

IF *Horace* Satyres merit mickle praise,
For taunting such as liu'd in *Paphos* Ile,
If wise *Propertius* was in elder daies,
Laureat for figuring out fond *Venus* wile:
If *Rome* applauded *Ouids* pleasing verse,
That did the salues that medicine loue reherse:

Then English Gentles sloop and gather bayes,
Make Coronets of *Floraes* proudest flowers,
As gifts for *Greene*; for he must haue the praise,
And tast the dewes that high *Parnassus* showers,
As hauing leapt beyond old *Horace* straine,
In taunting Louers for their fruitlesse paine,

His *Nunquam* sera more conceits combines,
Then *Ouid* in his arte did paint,
And sharper Satyres are within his lines,
Then *Martial* sung proud *Venus* to attaint:
Reade then his art, and all his actions proue,
There is no folly like to foolish loue.

Ricb. Hake Gent.



Greenes *Nunquam sera est.*

Being resident in Bergamo, not farre distant from Venice, sitting vnder a coole shade that then shrowded me from the extreme violence of the meridianall heate, hauing neuer a book in my hand to be- guile time, nor no pathological impression in my head to procure any secret meditation, I had flat falne into a slumber, if I had not espied a traveller, wearie, and desolate to haue bended his steppes towards me. Desirous to shake off drowsinesse with some company, I attended his arriual: but as he drew neere, he seemed so quaint in his attire, and so conceited in his countenance, as I deemed the man either some penitent pilgrime that was very religious, or some despairing liuer that had beene too too affectionate. For take his description.

An Ode

Downe the valley gan he tracke,
Bagge and bottle at his backe,
In a surcoate all of gray,
Such were Palmers on the way;
When with scrip and staffe they see,
Iesus graue on Caluarie.
A hat of straw like a swaine,
Shelter for the sun and raine,
With a Scollop shell before:
Sandals on his feete he wore:
Legs were bare, armes vnclad
Such attire the Palmer had.
His face faire, like *Tisans* shine,
Gray and br xome were his eyne,
Wherout dropt pearles off sorrow,

Such

Greenes neuer too late.

Such sweet teares loue doth borrow,
When in outward dewes she plaines
Harts distresse that Louers painest:
Rubie lips, cherrie cheekes,

Such rare mixture *Venus* see k es
When to keepe her Damsels quiet,
Beautie sets them downe their diet.

Adon was not thought more faire;
Curled locks of amber haire:

Locks where loue did sit and twine,
Nets to snare the gazers eyne:

Such a Palmer ne re was seene,
Lesse Loue him-selfe had Palmer beene.

Yet for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint.

Midst the riches of his face,
Griefe desciphred high disgraces:

Euery step strain'd a teare,
Sodaine sighes shew'd his feare:

And yet his feare by his sight,
Ended in a strange delight.

That his passions did approue,
Weedes and sorrow were for loue.

Thus attired in his trauailing robes, and leueld out in the
lineaments of his phisnomie, (not seeing me that lay close in the
thicket) he sate him downe vnder a Beech tree, where after hee
had taken vp his seate, with a sigh, he beganne thus to paint out
his passions.

Unfortunate Palmer, whose weedes discover thy woes,
whose looks thy sorowes, whose sighes thy repentance: thou
wonderest to bewaile thy sin, that heretofore hast not wondered at
the greatnes of sin, & seekest now by the sight of a strange land,
to satisfie these follies committed in thy native home. Why, is
there more grace in the East, then in the West? Is God more
gracious in Iewrie, then mercifull in England? more fauourable
to Palmers for their trauel, then pittifull to sinners for their pe-
nance? No, be not so superstitious, lest thou measuring his fauor
by

by circumstance, he punish thy faults in severity. Ah but the deepest vicers haue the deepest corasines: some sores cannot be cured but by *Sublimatum*, and some offences, as they beginne in content, so they end in sacke-cloth. I weare not this Palmers gray, to challenge grace, nor seeke the holy Land, to counteruaile the Law, nor am a Pilgrime to acquittance sinne with penance: but I content me in this habite, to shew the meeknes of my heart, & trauell thorough many Countries, to make other men learne to beware by my harmes. For if I come among youth, I will shewe them, that the finest buds are soonest nipt with frosts, the sweetest flowers soonest eaten with Cankers, and the ripest and pongest wits soonest ouerthrowne with follies. If I chance among Courtiers, I will tell them, that as the Starre Artophylax is brightest, yet setteth soonest, so their glories being most gorgeous, are dast with sodaine ouerthrowes. If amongst Schollers, I will proue, that their philosophicall axioms, their quiddities of Logick, their aphorismes of Art, are dissolued with this definite period, *Omnia sub sole vanitas*. If among Louers (and with this the teares fell from his eyes, and the sighs flew from his heart, as if all should split againe:) If quoth he, (and he doubled his words with an Emphasis) I fall amongst Louers, I will dischipher to them, that their God is a boy, as fond as he is blind: their Goddesse a woman, incessant, false, flattering, like the winds that rise in the shoares of *Le-panthus*, which in the morning send forth gulls from the North, and in the euening calmes from the West: that their fancies are like Aprill showers, begun in a Sun-shine, and ended in a storme: their passions deepe hell, their pleasures Chimeraes portraitures, sodaine ioyes, that appearing like Iuno, are nothing when Ixion toucheth them but dusky and fading clouds.

Here he stopped, and tooke his scrip from his backe, and his bottle from his side, and with such rates as he had, as Lemons, Apricoks, and Oliues, he began a Palmers banquet: which digesting with a cup of wine well tempred with water, after euery draught he sighed out this, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via*. When he had taken his repast: casting vp his eyes to heauen, as being thankfull for his benefites, and sorrowful for his sinnes, falling into a deepe meditation, after he had a while lien

as a man in a trance, he started vp sodainely, and with a halfe
chæred countenance sung out this Ode.

The Palmers Ode.

O Lde *Menalcas* on a day,
As in field this shepherd lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a stripe:
Said to *Coridon*, that hee
Once was yong and full of glee,
Blithe and wanton was I then,
Such desires follow men.
As I lay and kept my sheepe,
Came the God that hateth sleepe,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with *Queene Desire*:
And with a dart that wounded me,
Pierst my heart as I did lie:
That when I woke I gan sweare,
Phyllis beauty palme did beare.
Vp I start, forth went I,
With her face to feed mine eye:
There I saw *Desire* sit,
That my heart with *Loue* did hit,
Laying forth bright *Beauties* hookes
To intrap my gazing lookes.
Loue I did, and gan to woe,
Pray and sigh, all would not doe:
Women when they take the toy
Couet to be counted coy.
Coy was shee that I gan court,
She thought *Loue* was but a sport.
Profound Hell was in my thought;
Such a paine *Desire* had wrought,
That I sued with sighes and teares,
Still ingrate she stopt her eares,
Till my youth I had spent.

Last passion of *Repent*
 Told me flat, that *Desire*
 Was a brand of *Loves* fire,
 Which consumeth men in thrall,
 Vertue, youth, wit, and all.
 At this Saw, backe I start,
 Beat *Desire* from my hart,
 Shooke off *Loue* and made on oath,
 To be enemy to both.
 Old I was when I thus fled
 Such fond toyes as cloyd my head.
 But this I learn'd at *Vertues* gate,
 The way to good is neuer late.

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

As soone as he had ended his *Ode*, he fell to his olde principle *Nunquam sera est*: and confirming it with a sigh, he rose vp, and was ready to depart towards *Bergamo* to take vp his Lodging, for the sunne was declining towards the West.

But I desirous to reach further into this passionate *Palmer*, crosse him the way with this salutation: *Palmer* (for so thy apparell discouers) and penitent, if the inward hart agree with thy outward passions: if my questions may not agrauate thy græfe, nor my demaund be tedious to thy trauels, let me craue of curtesie whither thou dost bend the end of thy pilgrimage, that if thou best kept awry, I may direct thee, or if thou knowest the Country, I may with *bon fortune* to thy iourney: for I haue all my life time coueted to be faithfull to my friends, and courteous to Strangers. The *Palmer* (amazed at my sodaine salutation) kept backe and bent his browes, as if he feared some preiudice, or were offended at my presence: but when he saw me weaponlesse, and without company, and yet so affable in words, and *debonaire* in exterior curtesies as might import a Gentleman, he deuoutly moued his bonnet of gray, and made this reply:

Gentleman (for no lesse you seme) if the flower may be knowne by smell, or the man by his words: I am a *Palmer*, discovered by my gray; and penitent, if you note my græfe, which sorrow is as effectuall, as my attire is little counterfeited. The di-

rection of my iourney is not to Ierusalem: for my faith tels me,
Christ can deu as great fauour downe in England, as in Iericho:
prayers are not heard for the place, but in the behalfe of
the person heartly repentant. My native home is England, the
end of my iourney is Venice, where I meane to visite an olde
friend of mine, an Englishman, to whome I haue bene long
time indebted, and now meane partly to repay with such store
as I haue bought with hard experience. This night I will rest
in the next village: and thus I hope sir you rest satisfied.

This answer of the Palmer made me the more desirous to
enquire into his state, that I entreated him I might be host to
such a guest; and seeing I was resident in Bergamo, where that
night he meant to harbour, such lodging as a Country gentleman
could afford, and such chere as such a village might on the
sodaine yeeld, should be at his command.

Well could this Palmer skill of curtesie, and returning me
many thanks, bouch of my proffer, and was willing to take
my house for his Inne. As we past one the way, we chanced to
fall into prattle thus. Sir (quoth I) if I might with many questions
not be offensive, I would faine be inquisitiue to knowe,
as you haue passed along France, Germany, and Rhine and part of
Italy, what you haue noted worthy of memory. Mouing his cap
as a man that was passing courteous, he answered thus: I tell
you sir (quoth he) as a foolish question merits silence, so a familiar
demand craues a friendly reply of duty, although Zeno the
Philosopher counred it more honour, to be a silent naturalist,
then an eloquent Orator. But as I am not a Gymnosophist, to
iangle at euery Sophisticall obiection: So I am not a seuerer
Stoike, to answer but by syllables: and therefore thus to your
question.

After I had cutte from Douer to Calice, I remembered what
olde Homer writ of Vlisses, that he coueted, not onely to see
strange Countries, but with a deepe in sight to haue a view into
the manners of men: so I thought, as I passed through Paris,
not only to please mine eye with the curious Architecture of the
building, but with the diuers disposition of the Inhabritants. I
found therefore the Court (for I aime first at the fairest) to haue
a King, fit for so royall a Regiment, if he had bene as perfect in
true

true religion, as politique in martiall discipline; the Courtiers, they, as Aristippus, fawned vpon Dionysius, turning like to the Camelion, into the likenesse of euery object that the King proffered to their humorous conceits, for if the king smiled, euery one in the court was in his iollity, if he frowned, their plums fell like the Peacockes feathers, so that their outward presence depended on his inward passions. Generally so, but particularly thus: the French gentlemen are amorous, as some perswaded by the beauty of their mistris, to make a braule, as for the maintenance of Religion, to enter armes: their eyes are like Salamander stones, that fire at the sight of euery flame, their hearts as queasie as the minerals of Aetna, that burne at the heate of the sun, and are quencht with the puffe of euery wind. They count it courtlike, to spend their youth in courting of Ladies, and their age in repenting of sinnes, yet more forward in the one, then deuout in the other. They bandy glances vpon euery face, and as though they would approue euery passion for a principle, they set downe the period with a deepe sigh: yet, as the breath of a man vpon scale, no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, so is the beginning and ending of their loues.

Thus much for their Amours. Now for their Armes, they be hardy souldiers, and resolute; for their faith, friendship, religion, or other particular qualities, (for there is a league betwixt vs and them.) I will spare to speake, lest in being satyricall, I should plad too farre with Diogenes, or in flattering their faults, or their follies, I should claw a soles shoulder with Dauius in Terence: skipping therefore from them to the Germans. Nay, stay sir (quoth I before you passe the Alpes, giue me leaue to hold you an houre still in Lions, for though you be a Palmer, and religious, yet I hope such deepe deuotion rested not in you, but an ounce of Venus fauours hang in your eyes; and when you had spent the morning in orisons, you could in the afternone lend a glance to a faire Lady. The eagle soares not so high in the ayre, but shee can e'pie a little fish in the sea: the sunne in Cancer goes retrograde, the coldest clime hath his summer, and Apollo was neuer so Stoicall, but *semel in anno* he could let fall a smile; and the most seuerer pilgrime or Palmer hath an eye as well as a heart, and a looke to lend to beauty, as a thought to

bend to Theologie : therefore , I pray you, what thinke you of the French women ? At this question , although his grauitie was great, yet with a pleasant countenance he made this reply: Although fire is hote, as well in the coldest region of the North, as in the furthest Southerne parallell : the grasse of the same colour in *Egypt* as it is in *Iewry*, and women whersoever they be bred, be *mala necessaria* , yet though their generall essence be all one, as coming from *Eua* , and therefore froward , inconstant, light, amorous , deceitfull, and *quid non* ? better described by *Mantuan*, then I can make description of : yet as the Diamonds in *India* be more hard then the *Cornish* stones in *England* : as the *Margarites* of the *West* are more orient then the *Pearles* of the *South* , so womens affections are affected after the disposition of the climate wherein they are borne : although *Auicen* in his *Aphorismes* sets downe this conclusion , that thornes no where grow without prickes, nor nettles without stinges : but leaving off this preamble : thus to your question. The Women in *France* generally, as concerning the exterior lineaments of their outward perfection, are beautifull, as being *Westernly* seated nere great *Brittanie* , where Nature sits and hatcheth beauteous *Paramours* : yet although *natura naturans* hath shewed her cunning in their portraictures, as women that thinke nothing perfect that *Arte* hath not polished , that haue drugges of *Alexandria* , minerals of *Egypt* , waters from *Tharsus* , paintings from *Spaine*, and what to doe forsooth ? To make them more beautifull then vertuous, and more pleasing in the eyes of men , then delightfull in the sight of God : this is but their exterior vanity that blemisheth their inward vertues, if they haue any. But more to their interior inclination. Some, as if they were botaries vnto *Venus* , and at their natiuities had no other influence , take no pleasure but in amorous Passions , no delight but in Madrigals of Loue , wetting Cupids wings with rosewater , and tricking vp his quiver with sweet perfumes, they set out their faces as Fowlers do their daring glasses, that the Larkes that soare highest , may scape soonest ; allone as the poore louing fowles are wapt within their nets ; then they sue with sighes, and pleade with Sonnets, faine teares, & paint out passions to winne her, that seeming to be coy, comes at the first lure:

lure: for when they see yong nouices intrapt, then the French dames are like to the people Hyperborei, that spurning liquorice with their fete, secretly slacke their hunger with the iuyce thereof: so they outwardly seeming to contemne their futoours motions, stand in deadly feare lest they should leaue off their amorous passions: so that they haue loue in their eye liddes, so slenderly tacked on by fancy, as it drops off with euery dreame, and is shakt off with euery vaine slumber. Some of them are as Sappho was, subtle to allure, and slippery to deceiue, hauing their hearts made of ware, ready to receiue euery impression, not content till they haue as many louers as their heartes haue entrances for loue, and those are like to punnie stones that are light and full of holes. Some are as inconstant as Cressida, that be Troylus neuer so true, yet out of sight, out of minde: and as sone as Diomed begins to court, shee like Venetian traffique, is for his peny, currant *à currendo*, sterling coyne passable from man to man in way of exchange. Others are as Lida, cruell, whose harts are hammered in the forge of pride, thinking themselves too good for all, and none worthy of them, and yet oftentimes nestling all day in the Sunne with the Beetle, are at night contented with a cowherd for shelter. These haue eyes of Basiliskes, that are preiudiciall to euery object, and harts of Adamant, not any way to be pierced: and yet I thinke, not buying maides, nor leading Apes to Hell: for Vestaes sacrifice ceased long since in Rome, & virgins are as rare as blacke Swans: opportunitie is a sore plea in Venus court, able, I tell you, to ouerthrow the coyest that is. I could inferre more particular instances, and distinguish more at large of the French Gentlewomen: but let me leaue them to their humorous vanities, and resoluë our selues that Ireland doth not onely bring forth Wolves, nor Egypt Crocodiles, nor Barbarie Leoparbes, nor France such qualified women; but as the earth yelds weeds as well in the lowest valleyes, as in the highest mountaines, so women are vniuersally *mala necessaria*, wheresoeuer they be either bred or brought vp. With this conclusiue period he breathed him: and I could not but smile to see the Palmer shake his head at the fondnesse of women, as a man that had bene galled with their ingratitude. Well, after he had paused a little, he left

France,

France, and beganne to talke of Germany, and that was thus :
 After I had left Lions, I passed by the Alpes, and coasted into
 Germany, whereas I found the country seated vnder a colde
 clime, so I perceiued the people high minded, & fuller of words
 then of curtesie, giuen more to drinke then to deuotion; & yet
 sundry places stuffed with Schismes and Heresies, as people
 that delight to be factious. There might you see their interioz
 vanities more then their outward apparell did import, and oft
 times their vaunts more then their manhood. For loue as I saw
 Venus of no great account, yet shee had there a Temple, and
 though they did not beautify it with Jewels, they plainly por-
 trayed forth such Orisons as did betwray, though they could not
 court it as the French did with Art, yet their lust was not lesse,
 nor their liues more honest. Because the people were little affa-
 ble, I grew not so farre inquisitiue of their manners and cu-
 stomes, but *siccoped* past them ouer, so that I trauelled vp as
 farre as Vienna, where I saw a thinge worthy of memory. In a
 valley betwene two high mountaines, topt with trees of mar-
 uailous verdure, where by ran a fountaine pleasant, aswell for
 the murmure of the streames, as for the swetnesse of waters
 there was situated a little Lodge artificially built, and at the
 doore, a man of very great grauity, and no lesse age, satte leaning
 vpon his staffe, so to take the benefite of the aire and the Sunne:
 his haire was as white as the threads of silke in Arabia, or as
 the Palme trees on the mount of Libanus: many yeares had
 made furrows in his face, where Experience sate and seemed to
 tell forth Oracles: Deuotion appeared in his habite, and his out-
 ward cloth discoursing his inward heart, that the old Hermite
 seemed in the world a resolute despiser of the world. Standing a
 while and wondring at this old man, at last all reuerence done
 that his yeeres did require, or my youth was bound vnto, after
 salutations I questioned him of the order of his life: who answer-
 ed me with such curtesie and humilitie, as I perceiued in his
 words the perfect Idea of a mortified man. After sundry ques-
 tions broken with *pro et contra*, at last he tooke me by the hand and
 carried mee into his Cell, where I found not those Vtriusilia
 which Tully saies are necessary to bee in euery Cottage, but I
 found bookes, and that of Theologie: a drinking cup, & that was full

full of water: a dead mans skull, an houre glasse, and a Bible: thus onely was his house garnished. After he had sate downe a little he looked me very earnestly in the face, as a man that had some skil in physiognomie, to censure of the inward qualities by the outward appearence: at last, in rough high Dutch verses hee thus breathed out his opinion, which I drew thus into blanke verse.

The Hermites Exordium.

Heere looke my sonne for no vaine glorious shewes,
Of royall apparition for the eye,
Humble and meeke befitteth men of yeares:
Behold my Cell built in a silent shade,
Holding Content for pouerty and peace,
And in my Lodge, is fealty, and faith,
Labor and Loue vnited in one league.
I want not, for my minde affoordeth wealth:
I know not Enuy, for I clime not hie:
Thus doe I liue, and thus I meane to die.

Then he kept to his selfe, and takes downe a Deaths head, whereon looking as a man that meditated vpon some daepe matter, he shoke his head, and the teares standing in his eyes, hee prosecuted his matter thus.

If that the world presents illusions,
Or Sathan seekes to puffe me vp with pompe,
As man is fraile and apt to follow pride:
Then see, my sonne, where I haue in my Cell,
A dead mans skull, which calts this straight to minde,
That as this is, so must my ending be.
When then I see, that earth to earth must passe,
I sigh, and say, all flesh is like to grasse,

After he had thus explained the reason why hee kept the dead mans skull in his Cell, he reacht to his houre glasse, and vpon that he began thus to descant.

If care to liue, or sweet delight in life,
As man desires to see out many dayes,

Drawes me to listen to the flattering world,
Then see my glasse which swiftly out doth runne,
Comperde to man, who dies ere he begins.
This tels me time slackes not his poastling course,
But as a glasse runnes out with euery houre,
Some in their youth, some in their weakest age,
All sure to die, but no man knowes his tyme.
But this I thinke, how vaine a thing is man,
Whose longest life is likened to a span?

Lastly, he tooke his Bible in his hand, whereupon leaning
his arme, he amplified thus.

When Sathan to sift me with his wiles,
Or proudly dares to giue a fierce assault,
To make a shipwracke of my faith with feares,
Then arme at all points to withstand the foe
With holy armour: here's the martiall sword:
This booke, this bible, this two-edged blade,
Whose sweete content pierceth the gates of hell:
Desciphering lawes and discipline of warre,
To ouerthrow the strength of Sathans iarre.

Thus the Hermite discovered to me the secrets of his Cell:
and after, that I should be priuie to all his pathiticall conceits,
he brought forth a few rootes, and such simple diet as he had, to
conferme that he tyed Nature euery way within her limites.
Wondering at the methode he vsed in his Cell, after I had taken
my repast with him, as we met courteously, we parted friend-
ly, he with exhortations to beware of youtthes follies, I with
thanks and reuerence to his aged yeres, for his graue and fa-
therly perswasion: so I went from his Cell to Vienna, and
from thence coasted vp into the borders of Italie.

The Valmer had scarce named Italie, but we were come to
my house, where I gaue him such entertaynment, as either the
abilitie of my substance, the plentie of the country, or the stout-
nesse of the tyme could afford: and because I wold euery way
grace him, I brought downe my wife to giue him a royall wel-
come, a fauour seldom shewed in Italie: yet because he was a

Palmer

Palmer, and his profession valued heartie at a light price, I did him that grace. To be short, at last we sate downe to supper, and there past the time with such pleasing chat, as the pleasant Palmer pleased to conferre vpon. Supper done, I desired the Palmer to discourse (if it were not offensive) what reason moued him to direct his Pilgrimage only to Venice. Raising himselfe bp with a smiling countenance, he made this reply.

Courteous Gentleman, for so much your affable and liberall disposition doth appzone, Iupiter when he was entertained by poore Baucis, accounted ingratitude so heynous, as he turned their Cottage to a Temple, and made them sacrificers at his Altars: Hospitality is so pretious, as no price may value. Then if I should not grant any lawfull demand, I might seeme as little pliant to humanity, as you lieable to courtesie: and therefore if the Gentlewoman your wife and you will sit bp to heare the discourses of a traveller, I will first rehearse you an English History, acted and euented in my country of England: but for that the Gentleman is yet liuing, I will shadow his name although I manifest his follies, and when I haue made relation, I will shew why I directed the course of my Pilgrimage, onely to Venice. My wife by her countenance seemed to be maruelous content, and my selfe kept silence. Whereuppon the Palmer began as followeth.

The Palmers Tale.

In those dayes when Palmerin reigned King of great Britaine, famoused for his daedes of Chinalrie, there dwelled in the Cittie of Caerbranke, a Gentleman of an auncient house, called Francesco, a man, whose Parentage, though it were Worshipfull, yet it was not indued with much wealth: inso-much, that his learning was better then his reuenues, and his wit more beneficiall then his substance. This Segnior Francesco, desirous to bend the course of his compasse to some peaceable Port, spread no more cloth in the winde than might make easie saile, lest hoysling bp too sodainely aboue the maine yard, some sodaine gust might make him foundre in the dæp. Though

he were yong, yet he was not rash with Icarus, to soare into the skie, but to cry out with olde Dedalus, *Medium tenere iurissimum*: treading his shoe without any slippe. He was so generally loued of the cittizens, that the richest Merchant or grauest Burghmaster would not refuse to graunt him his daughter in mariage, hoping more of his insuing fortunes, then of his present substance. At last, casting his eie on a Gentlemans daughter that dwelt not far from Caerbrance, he fell in loue, and prosecuted his sute with such affable courtesie, as the maide considering the vertue and wit of the man, was content to set vp her rest with him, so that her fathers consent might bee at the knitting vp of the match. Francesco thinking himselfe cockshure, as a man that hoped his credite in the Cittie might carrie awaie more then a country gentlemans daughter, finding her father on a day at fit opportunity, he made the motion about the grant of his daughters mariage. The olde churle that listned with both eares to such a question, did not in this *in vramus aurem dormire*, but leaning on his elbow, made present answer, that her dowrie required a greater fessment then his lands were able to afford. And vpon that, without further debating of the matter, he rose vp and bied him home, whither as soone as hee came, he called his daughter before him, whose name was *Isabell*, to whome he vttered these words. Why huswife (quoth hee) are you so idle tasked, that you stand vpon thornes vntill you haue a husband: are you no sooner hatched with the Lapwing, but you will runne away with the shell on your head: Soone prickes the tree that will procure a thorne, and a girle that loues too soone will repent too late. What, a husband: why the maids of Rome, durst not looke at Venus Temple till they were thirtie, nor went they vnmasked till they were married, that neither their beautie might allure other, nor they glance their eies on euerie wanton. I tell thee sonne girle, when Nilus ouerfloweth before his time, Egypt is plagued with a dearth: the trees that blossom in February, are nipped with the frost in May: vntimely fruits had neuer good fortune, and yong Gentlewomen, that are wooed and won ere they be wise, sorrow and repent before they be old. What saist thou in Francesco, that thine eye must chuse, and thy heart must fancie: As he beautifull: Why fond

fond girle, what the eye liketh at mozne, it hateth at night: loue is like a bawen, but a blaze: and beauty, why how can I better compare it than to the gorgeous Cedar, that is onely for thewe, nothing for profit: to the Apples of Tantalus, that are precious in the eye, and dust in the hand: to the starre Artophylax, that is most bright, but sitteth not for any Compasse? so yong men that stand vpon their outward portraiture, I tell the they are preiudiciall: Demophoon was faire, but how dealt hee with Phyllis? Aeneas was a braue man, but a dissembler: fond girle; all but little worth if they be not wealthy: And I pray the, what substance hath Francesco to indue the with: Hast thou not heard that want breakes amity, that loue beginneth in gold, and endeth in beggary, that such as marry but to a faire face, tie themselves off to a soule bargaine: And what wilt thou doe with a husband that is not able to maintain the? Buy forsooth a dram of pleasure with a pound of sorrow, and a pint of content with a whole tunne of praiudiciall displeasures. But why doe I cast stones into the ayre, or breathe my words into the winde, when to perswade a woman from her will is to rolle Sisyphus stone: or to ty a headstrong girle from loue, is to tie the Furies againe in fetters: Therefore huswife, to prevent all misfortunes, I will be your Taylor. And with that he carried her in and shut her vp in his owne chamber, not giuing her leaue to depart, but when his key gaue her license; yet at last she so cunningly dissembled that she got thus farre liberty, not to be close prisoner, but to walke about the house: yet enery night hee shut vp her clothes, that no nightly feare of her escape might hinder his broken slumbers.

¶ Where leauing her, let vs returne to Francesco, who to his sorrow heard of all these hard fortunes: and being peniue, was full of many passions: but almost in despayre, as a man that durst not come nigh her fathers doze, nor send any letters wherby to comfort his Mistresse, or to lay any plot of her liberty: for no sooner any stranger came thither but he suspicious they came from Francesco, first sent by his daughter into her Chamber; then, as watchfull as Argus with all his eyes, he pyed into e uery particular gesture and behauiour of the party: and if any isalous humour toke him in the head, hee would not onely be de-

rie inquisitiue with cutting questions , but would straine curtisies, and search them very narrowly, whether they had any letters or no to his daughter Isabell.

This narrow inquisition made the poore Gentleman almost franticke, that he turned ouer *Anacreon*, *Onid de Arte Amandi*, and all bookes that might teach him any sleights of loue : but for all their principles , his owne wit serued him for the best shift, and that was happily begun , and fortunately ended thus. It chanced , that as he walked thus in his mules, fetching the compasse of his conceit beyond the Pone, he met with a poore Woman, who as her custome was, began her *exordium* with, I pray good Maister, and so forth, hoping to find the Gentleman as liberal, as he was full of gracious fauours: neither did she misse of her imagination ; for he that thought her likely to be drawne on to the executing of his purpose, conceited thus, that gold was as good as glew to knit her to any practise whatsoener , and therefore out with his purse , and clapt her in the hand with a French-crowne. This vnaccustomed reward made her more francke of courtesies, that euery rag reach the Gentleman a reuerence, with promise of many prayers for his health. He that harped on another string toke the woman by the hand , and sitting downe vpon the green grasse, discoursed vnto her from point to point the beginning and sequel of his loues , and how by noe meanes (except by her) he could conuay any letter. The beggar desirous to doe the Gentleman any pleasure , said she was ready to take any paines that might redound to his content.

Whereupon he replied thus: Then mother, thou shalt goe to yonder Abby which is her fathers house , and when thou comest thither, vse thy wonted eloquence to intreat for thy almes, if the Maister of the house be present, shew thy passport, and seeme very passionate: but if he be absent or out of the way , then, oh then mother, looke about if thou seest Diana masking in the shape of a Virgine, if thou spiest Venus, nay one more beautifull then loues Goddesse, and I tell thee she is my loue, faire Isabell, whom thou shalt discern from her other sister thus: her visage is faire, containing as great resemblance of vertue , as lineaments of beautie, and yet I tell thee, she is full of fauour, whether thou respects

spects the outward portraiture or inward perfection: her eie like the Diamond, and so pointed that it pearceth to the quicke, yet so chaste in the motion as therein is scene, as in a mirrour, courteous tempred with a vertuous disdain: her countenance is the very map of modesty: & to giue thee a more nere marke, if thou findest her in the way, thou shalt see her more liberall to bestow, than thou pittifull to demand: her name is Isabel: to her from me shalt thou carry a letter, folded by euery way like a post, with a greasie backside, and a great seale. If cunningly and closely thou canst thus conuey vnto her the tenour of my minde, when thou bringest vnto mee an answer, I will giue thee a brace of Angels. She poore woman was glad of this preffer, and thereupon promised to venture a ioynt but she would further him in his loues: whereupon she followed him to his chamber, and the while he writ a letter to this effect.

Signior Francesco to faire Isabel.

Vhen I note (faire Isabel) thy extremity of thy fortunes, & measure of the passions of my loue, I finde that Venus hath made thee constant to requite my miseries, and that where the greatest onsette is giuen by Fortune, there is strongest defence made by affection: for I heard, that thy father, suspicious, or rather lealous of our late vnited sympathie, both watch like Argus ouer Io, not suffering thee to passe beyond the reach of his eye, vnlesse (as he thinks) thou shouldest ouer reach thy selfe. His minde is like the Tapers in Ianus Temple, that set once on fire, burne till they consume themselves: his thoughtes like the Sunne-brames, that search euery secret. Thus watching thee, he ouer waketh himselfe, and yet (I hope) profiteth as little as they which gaze on the flames of Aina, which vanish out of their sight in smoake.

I haue heard them say, (faire Isabel) that as the Diamonds are tried by cutting of glasse, the Topaze by hiding the force of the anuile, the Bethin wood by the hardnesse, so womens excellence is discovered in their constancie: When if the period of all their vertues consist in this, that they take in loue by moneths, and let it slip by minutes, that as the Tortoise they crape

pedetentim, and when they come to their rest, will hardly be remoued. I hope thou wilt confirme in thy loues the very patterne of feminine loyaltie, hauing no motion in thy thoughts, but fancy, and no affection, but to thy Francesco. In that I am stopped from thy sight, I am deprived of the chiefest organ of my life hauing no sence in my life perfect; in that I want the viclew of thy perfection, ready with sorrow to perish in despaire, if resolved of thy constancy, I did not triumph in hope. Therefore now rests it in thee to salve all these sores, and provide medicines for these dangerous maladies, that our passions appeased, we may end our harmony in the faithfull union of two hearts. Thou seest Loue hath his shifts, and Venus quiddities are most subtile Sophistry; that he which is touched with beauty is euer in league with opportunity: these principles are proued by the messenger, whose state discouers my restless thoughts, impatient of any longer repulse. I haue therefore sought to ouermatch thy father in pollicy, as he ouer-staines vs in iealousie, and seeing hee seeks it, to let him finde a knot in a rush: as therefore I haue sent thee the summe of my passions in the forme of a passport; returne me a reply wrapt in the same paper, that as we are forced to court our deceits in one shift, so hereafter we may vnite our loues in one Simpathy: appoint what I shall doe to compass a priuate conference. Thinke I will account of the Seas as Leander: of the Warres as Troylus: of all dangers as a man resolved to attempt any perill, or breake any preiudice for thy sake. Say, when, and where I shall meete thee, and so, as I begun passionately, I breake off abruptly. Farewell.

Thine in facall resolution,

Seigney Francesco.

After he had writton the letter, and dispatcht the messenger, her mind was so fired on the brace of Angels, that shee stirred her old stumps till shee came to the house of Seigneur Fregoso, who at that instant was walkt abroad, to take viclew of his pastures. Shee no sooner began her methode of begging with a solemne prayer, and a *pater noster*, but Isabel, whose deuotion was

was euer bent to pittie the poore, came to the doore, to see the necessity of the party, who begun to salute her thus. Faire Mistrie, whose vertues errede your beauties, and yet I doubt not but you déme your perfection equiualent with the rarest paragons is Brittanie: as your eie receiues the object of my misery, so let your hart haue an insight into my extremities, who once was young, and then fauoured by fortune, now old and crossed by the destinies, driuen when I am weakest, to the wall, and when I am worst able, forced to hold the candle: Seeing then the faultes of my youth haue forced the fall of mine age, and I am driuen in the winter of my yeares, to abide the bzunt of all stormes, let the plenty of your youth pittie the want of my decrepite state: and the rather, because my fortune was once as high as my fall is now low: for profe, sweet Mistrie, see my pasport, wherein you shall find my passions and much patience: at which period, making a courtesie, her very rags seemed to giue Isabell reuerence, Shée hearing the beggar insinuate with such a sensible preambles, thought the woman had had some good parts in her, & therefore toke her certificate: which as sone as she had opened, and that she perceiued it was Francescoes hand, she smiled, and yet betrayed a passion with a blush. So that stepping from the woman, she went into her chamber, where she read it ouer with such patheticall impressions, as euery motion was intangled with a dilemma: for on the one side, the loue of Francesco grounded more on his interiour vertues, then his exterior beauties, gaue such fierce assaults to the bulwarke of her affections as the Fort was ready to be yelded vp: but that the feare of her Fathers displeasure, armed with the instigations of nature, draue her to meditate thus with herselfe.

Now Isabell, Loue and Fortune haue brought the into a labozinth, thy thoughts are like Ianus pictures, that present both peace and warre, and thy minde like Venus Anule, whereon is hammered both Feare and Hope: With then the chance lieth in thine owne choyce, do not with Medea see and allow of the best, and then follow the worst: but of two extremes, if they be *Immediata*, chosse that may haue least preiudice and most profite. Thy father is aged, and wise, and many yeares hath taught him much experience. The old Fore is more subtile than the
D
young

young Cub, the Bucke more skilfull to chouse his fode than the young Fawnes. Men of age, feare and fore-see that which youth leapeth at with repentance. If then his graue wisdomc exceeds thy grane wit, and his ripened fruites thy sprouting blossoms, thinke if he speake for thy auaille, as his principles are perfect, so they are grounded on Loue and Nature. Is a nere collop, saues he, is cut of the owne flesh, and the stay of thy Fortunes, is the staffe of thy life: no doubt hee sees with a more piercing iudgement into the life of Francesco: for thou ouercome with fancie, censur'est of all his actions with partialitie. Francesco, though he be young and beautifull, yet his reuenewes are not answerable to his fauours: the Cedar is faire, but vnfruitfull, the Volgo a bright streame but without fish: men couet rather to plant the Oliue for profit, than the Alder for beauty, and young Gentlewomen should rather fancy to liue, than affect to lust: for loue without lands, is like to a fire without fuel, that for a while sheweth a bright blaze, and in a moment dieth in his owne cinders. Dost thou thinke this, Isabell, that thine eie may not surset so with beautie, that the minde shall vomite by repentance: yes, for the fairest Roses haue prickes, the purest lawnes their moles, the brightest Diamonds their cracks, and the most beautifull men of the most imperfect conditions: for nature hauing care to polish the body so faire, ouerwanes her selfe in her excellency, that shee leaues their minds imperfect. Whither now Isabell, into absurd Aphorismes? What can thy Father perswade thee to this, that the most glorious shells haue not the most orient margarites, that the purest flowers haue not the most perfect saouours, that men, as they excel in proportion of body, so they excéde in perfection of minde? Is not nature both curious and absolute, hiding the most vertuous minds in the most beautifull couertures? Why what of this, fend girle? Suppose these promises to be granted, yet they infer no conclusion: for suppose he be beautifull and vertuous, and his wit is equall with his parentage, yet he wants wealth to maintaine Loue, and therefore, sayes old Fregoso, not worthy of Isabels loue. Shall I then tie my affection to his Lands or to his lineaments? To his riches, or his qualities? Are Venus altars to be filled with golde, or loyalty of harts? Is the sympathy of Cupids consistory united

in the abundance of coyne : or the absolute perfection of constancy? Ah *Isabell*, thinke this, that loue broketh no exception of want, that where *Fancie* displays her colours, there alwayes either *Plenty* keeps her court, or else *Patience* so tempers euery extreme, that all defects are supplied with content. Upon this, as hauing a farther reach, and a deeper insight, she kept ha- stily to her standish, and wrot him this answere.

Isabell to Francesco, health.

Although the nature of a Father, and the dutie of a childe might moue me resolutely to reiect thy letters, yet I receiued them, for that thou art *Francesco*, and *Isabell*, who were once priuate in affection, as now we are distant in places. But know, my father, whose command to me is a law of constraint sets downe this censure, that loue without wealth, is like to a Cedar tree without fruite, or to coyne sowne in the sandes, that withereth for want of moisture : and I haue reason *Francesco* to deeme of snow by the whitenesse, and of trees by the blossoms. The olde man whose wordes are Oracles tels me, that loue that entereth in a moment, flyeth out in a minute; that mens affections are like the deaw vpon a Christall, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off: their eies with euery glance make a new choice, and euery looke can commaund a sigh, hauing their harts like Saltpeter, that fiereth at the first, and yet proueth but a flash; their thoughts reaching as high as Cedars, but as brittle as rods that breake with euery blast. Had *Carthage* bene bereft of so famous a Virago, if the Troian had bene as constant as hee was comely? Had the Quene of *Poetrie* bene pinched with so many passions, if the wanton *Ferri-man* had bene as faithfull as he was faire? No *Francesco*, and therefore seeing the brightest blossomes are pestered with most Caterpillers, the sweetest Roses with the sharpest prickes, the fairest Cambricks with the foulest staines, and men with the best proportion, haue commonly least perfection; I may feare to swallow the hooke, least I finde more bane in the confection, than pleasure in the bait. But here let me breathe, and with sighs forese mine owne folly. Women, poore soules, are like to the Harts in Calabria, that knowing *Dictamnus* to bee

deadly, yet brooke on it with greedinesse: resembling the Fish
Mug: a, that seeing the hooke bare, yet swallowes it with delight,
so women fore see, yet do not prevent, knowing what is profita-
ble, yet not eschewing the preiudice: So Francesco, I see thy
beauties, I know thy want, and I feare thy vanities, yet can I
not but allow of all, were they the worst of all, because I finde
in my mind this principle: In Love is no lacke. What should I
Francesco couet to dally with the mouse when the catte stands
by, or fill my letter ful of needlesse ambages when my father, like
Argus, setteih a hundred eies to ouer- pry my actions: while I
am writing thy messenger stands at the doore praying: there-
fore, lest I should hold her too long in her orisons, or keepe the
(poore man) too long in suspence: thus briefly, Be upon Thurs-
day next at night hard by the Orchard vnder the greatest Oake,
where expect my coming, provide for our safe passage: for
I stode all the world on the one side, and thou on the other, Fran-
cesco should be my guide to direct me whither he pleased. Faile
not then, vnlesse thou be false to her that would haue life faile ere
the falsitie saith to thee.

Not her owne, because thine, *Isabel*.

AS soone as she had dispatcht her letter, she came downe, &
deliuered the letter in forme of a passport to the messenger,
giuing her after her accustomed manner an almes, and closely
clapt her in the fist with a brace of Angels. The woman thank-
ing her good Maister, and her good Mistris, giuing the house her
benison, hied her backe againe to Francesco, whom she found sit-
ting solitary in his Chamber: no sooner did he espie her, but
singing out of his chaire, he changed colour as a man in a doubt-
full ertasse what should betide: yet conceiuing good hope by her
countenance, who smiled more at the remembrance of her re-
ward then at any other conceife, he toke the letter and read it,
wherein he found his humor so fitted, that he not onely thanked
the messenger, but gaue her all the money in his purse, for that
she returned so highly gratified, as neuer after ward shee was
found to exercise her old occupation. But leauing her to the hope
of her huswifery, againe to Francesco, who seeing the constant
affection of his Mistris, that neither the soure lookes of her fa-

ther, nor his hard threats could affright her, to make change of her fancy, that no disaster fortune could drine her to make shipwrack of her fixed affection, that the blossoming stormes of aduersity might assault, but not sacke the fort of her constant resolution, hee fell into this pleasing passion: Women (quoth he) why as they are heauens wealth, so they are earths miracles, framed by nature to despight beauty, adozned with the singularitie of proportion, to shrowd the excellency of all perfection, as far exceeding men in vertues as they excell them in beauties, resembling Angels in qualities, as they are like to Gods in perfectnesse, being purer in mind then in mould, and yet made of the purity of man: iust are they, as giuing Loue her due: constant, as holding loyalty more pretious then life: as hardly to be draine from united affection, as the Salamanders from the cauerns of Atna. Tush (quoth Francesco) what should I say: they be women, and therefore the continents of all excellencie. In this pleasant humour he passed away the time, not slackning his busines for prouision against Thursday at night: to the care of which affaires, let vs leaue him and returne to Isabell, who after shee had sent her letter, fell into a dumpe, entring into considerations of mens inconstancy, & of the sicklenes of their fancies; but all these meditations did sort to noe effect: whereupon sitting downe, she took her Lute in her hand, and sung this Ode.

Isabells Ode.

Sitting by a Riuers side
Where a silent streame did glide,
Banckt about with choyce of flowers,
Such as spring from April showers,
When faire *Iris* smiling shewes,
All her riches in her dewes,
Thick leaued trees so were planted
As not Art nor Nature wanted
Bordering all the brooke with shade
As if *Venus* there had made
By *Floraes* wile, a curious bowre
To dally with her paramoure.

At this current as I gazed,
 Eyes intrapt, minde amazde,
 I might see in my ken,
 Such a flame as fiereth men:
 Such a fire as doth fric,
 With one blaze both hart and eye,
 Such a heate as doth proue
 No heate like to the heate of loue.
 Bright she was, for t'was a she,
 That trac'd her steps towards me:
 On her head she ware a bay,
 To fence *Phaebus* light away:
 In her face one might descry
 The curious beauty of the skie.
 Her eies caried darts of fire,
 Feathered all with swift desire:
 Yet forth these fiery darts did passe,
 Pearled teares as bright as glasse,
 That wonder twas in her eyne,
 Fire and water should combine:
 If th' old Sawe did not borrow,
 Fier is loue, and water sorrow.
 Downe she fate, pale and sad,
 No mirth in her lookes she had,
 Face and eies shewd distresse,
 Inward sighs discourst no lesse:
 Head and hand might I see:
 Elbow leaned on her knee,
 Last she breathed out this Saw,
 Oh that loue hath no law,
 Loue inforceth with constraint,
 Loue delighteth in complaint.
 Whoso loues, hates his life,
 For loues peace is minds strife.
 Loue doth feede on beauties fare,
 Euery dish saw'd with care:
 Chiefely women, reason why,
 Loue is hatcht in their eye:

Thence

Thence it steppeth to the hart,
 There it poysoneth euery part:
 Mind and hart, eye and thought.
 Till sweet loue their woes haue wrought.
 Then repentant they gan cry,
 Oh my hart that trowed mine eye.
 Thus she said, and then she rose,
 Face and mind both full of woes:
 Flinging thence with this Saw,
 Fic on loue that hath no law

Having finished her Ode, she heard that her Father was come in, and therefore leauing her amorous instruments, she fell to her labour, to confirme the old prouerb in her fathers iealous head, *Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus*: but as warie as she was, yet the old Goose could spie the gosling winke, and would not by any meanes trust her, but bled his accustomed manner of restraint: yet as it is impossible for the smoke to be concealed, or fire to be suppressed: so Fregoso could not by subtile drifts so warily watch his transformed Io, but she found a Mercurie to release her. For vpon Thursday lying in her bedde with little intent to sleepe, she offered many sighs to Venus, that she would be Matresse to Morpheus that some dead slumber might possesse all the house: which fell out accordingly, so that at midnight she rose vp, and finding her apparel shut vp, she was faine to goe without hose, onely in her smocke and her petticoate, with her fathers hat and an olde cloake. Thus attired like Diana in her night gære, she marcheth downe softly, where she found Francesco readie with a priuate and familiar friend of his to watch her comming forth, who, casting his eie aside, and seeing one in a hat and a cloake, suspecting some treachery, drew his sword: at which Isabell smiling, she incountred him thus.

Gentle sir, if you be as valiant as you seeme cholericke, or as martiall as you would be thought hardie, set not vpon a weak-
 ponesse woman, lest in thinking to triumph in so meane a conquest, you be preiudiced with the taint of cowardise. It was neuer yet read, that warlike Mars drew his Falchion against
 loneely Venus, were her offence neuer so great, or his Choler
 neuer

neuer so much. Therefore Gentleman, if you be the man I take you, Isabels Francesco, leaue off your armes, and fall to amours, and let your parley in them be as short, as the night is silent, and the time dangerous. Francesco seeing it was the Paramour of his affections, let fall his sword, and caught her in his armes, ready to fall in a sound by a sudaine extasse of ioy: at last recovering his sence, he encountred her thus.

Faire Isabel, Natures ouermatch in beautie, as you are Dia-naes superiour in vertue: at the sight of this attire, I drewe my sword, as fearing some priuy foe: but as soon as the view of your perfection glanced as an obieet to mine eye, I let fall my arms, trembling as Aëcon did, that he had dared too farre in gazing against soe gorgeous a Goddesse: yet ready in the defence of your sweet selfe, and rather then I would lose so rich a prize, not only to take by my weapon, but to encounter hand to hand with the stoutest champion in the world. Sir (quoth she) these protestations are now bootlesse: and therefore to be brieft, thus (and with that the teares trickled down the vermilion of her cheekes, and shee blubbered out this passion,) O Francesco, thou mayst see by my attire the depth of my fancie, and in these homely robes mayst thou note the reachlesnesse of my fortunes, that for thy loue haue strained a note too highe in loue, I offend Nature as repugnant to my Father, whose displeasure I haue purchast to please thee: I haue giuen a small farewell to my friends, to bee thy familiar: I haue lost all hope of preferment, to confirme the sympathie of both our desires: ah Francesco, see, I come thus poorer in apparrell, to make thee rich in content. Now if hereafter, (Oh let me sigh at that, lest I be forced to repent too late) when thy eye is glatted with my beautie, and thy hotte loue proued some colde, then beginst thou to hate her that thus loveth thee, and proue as Demophon did to Phillis, or as Aeneas did to Dido. What then may I doe reiected, but accurse mine owne follie, that hath brought me to such hard fortunes: Giue me leaue, Francesco, to feare what may fall: for men are as inconstant in performance, as cunning in practises. Shee could not fully discourse what shee was about to vtter, but he broke off with this protestation. Ah Isabel, although the windes of Le-panthus are ever inconstant, the Chyterol euer brittle, the Po-lipa

lipa euer changeable : yet measure not my minde by other motions, nor the depth of my affection by the fleeting of other fancies: for as there is a Topace that will yelde to every stampe, so there is an Emerald that will yelde no impression. The selfe same Troy, as it had an Aeneas that was sickle, so it had Troilus that was constant. Greece had a Pyramus, as it had a Demophoon : and though some haue bene ingratefull, yet accuse not all to bee vnthankfull : for when Francesco shall let his eye slip from thy beantie, or his thoughts from thy qualities, or his hart from thy vertues, or his whole life from euer honouring thee : then shall heauen cease to haue Starrs, the earth Trees, the world Elements, and euery thing reuerled, shall fall to their former chaos

Why then (quoth Isabell) to horsebacke, for feare the faith of two such Louers bee impeached by my fathers wakefull ialousie. And with that (poore woman) halfe naked as shee was, shee mounted, and as fast as horse would pace a way they post towards a towne in the said country of Brittain called Duncastrum. Where let vs leaue them in their false gallop, and returne to old Fregoso, who rising early in the morning, and missing his daughter, askt for her through the whole house : but seeing none could discover where shee was, as assured of her escape, hee cried out as a man halfe lunaticke, that hee was by Francesco robbd of his onely ietwell. Wherebpon in a despairing furie he caused all his men and his tenants to mount them, and to disperse themselves euery one with hue and cry for the recovery of his daughter, hee himselfe being horse, and riding the readie way to Duncastrum. Where hee no sooner came, but Fortune meaning to dally with the old dotard, and to present him a bone to gnaw on, brought it so to passe, that as he came riding downe the towne, hee mette Francesco, and his daughter comming from the Church, which althoughe it pierst him to the quicke, and strained euery string of his hart to the highest note of sorrow, yet he concealed it till hee toke his Inne : and then stumbling as fast as hee could to the Patrons house of the Towne, hee reuealed vnto him the whole cause of his distresse, requiring his sauour for the clapping vp of this vnrueful gentleman : and to make the matter more heinous, hee accused him of felony, that he had not enely, contrarie to th^r

cussonie bereft him of his daughter against his will, but with his daughter, had taken away certaine plate. This euidence caused the Mayoz straight, guarded with his Officers, to march downe with Fregoso to the place where Isabell, and her Francesco were at breakfast, little thinkeing (poore soules) such a sharpe stroke should follow so quiet a calme: but fortune would haue it so. And therefore, as they were carousing each to other in a swete frolike of hoped for content, the Mayoz rust in, and apprehended him of felony: which draue the poore perplexed louers into such a dumpe, that they stood as the pictures that Perseus with his shield turned into stones. Francesco presently with a sharpe insight, entred into the cause & perceiued it was the drift of the olde Fore his father in law: wherefore he take it with the more patience. But Isabell seeing her new husband so handled, fell into a swoond for sorrow, which could not preuaile with the Sergeants, but they conueyed him to prison, and her to the Mayors house. As soone as this was done, Fregoso as a man carelesse what should become of them, in a strange Countrey, took horse and rode home: he past melancholy, and these remained sorrowfull, especially Isabel, who after she had almost blubbered out her eyes for griefe, fell at length into this passion.

Infortunate Isabell, and therefore unfortunate, because thy sorowes are more then thy yeres, and thy distresse too heauie for the prime of thy youth. Are the heauens so vniust, the stars so dismal, the planets so iniurious, that they haue more contrarie oppositions then fauourable aspects: that their influence doth infuse more prejudice then they can inferre profite: Then no doubt if their motion be so maligne, Saturne conspiring with all balefull signes calculated the houre of thy birth full of disaster accidents. Ah Isabel then maist see, the birds that are hatched in winter, are nipt with euery stroke, such as flye against the sunne are either scorched or blinded, and those that repugne against nature, are euer trod by fortune. Thy father foresaw these euils, and warned thee by experience, thou reiectest his counsaile, and therefore art bitten with repentance: such as looke not before they leape, oft fall into the ditch: and they that scorne their parents, cannot auoide punishment: The young Tigres follow the braying of their olde Sire, the tender Fawnes chole their

their fode by the old Bucke: These brute beaſts, and without reason, ſtray not from the limites of nature: thou a woman and endued with reason, art therefore thus ſorrowfull, becauſe thou haſt bene vnnaturall. Whither nowe Iſabell? What, like the ſhrubs of India, parched with euery ſtorme? Wilt thou reſemble the brookes of Cartia, that dry by with euery Sunne-shine? Shall one blaſt of Fortune blemish all thy affection: one frowne of thy father infringe thy loue toward thy husband? Wilt thou be ſo inconstant at the first, that haſt promiſed to be lovall euer? If thou beſt danted on thy marriage day, thou wilt be ſteering hereafter: didſt thou not choſe him for his vertues, and nowe wilt thou reſiſe him for his hard fortunes? is he not thy husband? yes, and therefore more deere to thee then thy Father. If Iſabell, and vppon that reſolue; leſt hauing ſo faithfull a Troylus, thou proue as hatefull as Crefſida: ſorrow Iſabell, but not that thou followed Franceſco, but that Franceſco by thee is fallen into ſuch miſ fortunes: ſeeke to mitigate his malladies by thy patience, not to incenſe his greefe with thy paſſions: courage is knowne in extremities, womanhood in diſtreſſe: and as the Chriſolite is proued in the fire and the Diamond by the annile, ſo loue is tried not by fauour of Fortune, but by the aduerſity of time. There- fore Iſabell, *Feras non culpes, quod vitare non potes*, and with Tully reſolue thus:

*Put a rerum humanarum nihil eſſe firmum; nec in proſperis
latitia geſties, nec in aduerſis dolore concides.*

With this ſhe held her peace and reſted ſilent, ſo behating her ſelfe in the Mayors houſe, with ſuch modeſty and patience, that as they held her for a Paragon of beautie, ſo they counted her for a ſpectacle of vertue: thinking her outward proportion was farre inferiour to her inward perfection: ſo that generally ſhe won the hearts of the whole houſe in that they pitied her caſe, and wiſhed her libertie. Inſomuch that Franceſco was the better vſed for her ſake: who being imprifonned grieved not at his owne ſiniſter miſhap, but ſorrowed for the Fortune of Iſabell, paſſing both day and night with many extreme paſſions, to thinke on the diſtreſſe of his beloued Paramour. Fortune who had wrought this tragedv intending to ſhewe that her front is as full of fauours as of frownes, and that ſhe holds a dimple in her cheek,

as she hath a wrinkle in her brow, began thus in a Commicall
veine to be pleasant. After many dayes were passed, and that
the Payor had entred into the good demeanour of them both,
noting, that it proceeded rather of the displeasure of the Father,
than for any speciall desert of felony, seeing youth would haue
his swinge, and that as the minerals of Aetna stone fire, as the
leaves in Parthia burne in the Sunne, soe young yeres are
incident to the heate of loue, and affection will burst into such
amorous parties: He not as Chremes in Terence, measuring
the flames of youth by his dead cinders, but thinkeing of their
present fortunes by the follies of their former age, called a Con-
uenticle of his brethren, and seeing there was none to giue any
further euidence, thought to let Francesco loose. Hauing their
scete consent, the next day taking Isabell with him, he went to the
Tayle, where they heard such rare reportes of the behauiour of
Francesco, that they sorrowed not so much at his fortunes, as
they wondred at his vertues: for the Taylor discoursed vnto them
how, as he was greatly passionate, so he used great patience, ha-
uing this verse oft in his mouth:

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

That he was affable and courteous, winning all, & offending
none, that all his house, as they græued at his imprisonment,
would be sooy at his enlargement: not for enuy of his person, but
for sorrow of his absence. The Taylor thus commending the
Gentleman, conducted them to the chamber doore where Fran-
cesco lay, whom they found in secret meditation with himselfe:
therefore they stayed, and were silent Auditors to his passions:
the first word they heard him breathe out with a sigh, was this,

Souffrir me plaist, car l'espoir me conforte.

And with that taking a Citterne in his hand, saying this
note,

Pour paruenir l'endure.

He warbled out this Ode.

Francescoes Ode.

VVhen I looked about the place
Where sorrow nurfeth vp disgrace,

Wrapt

Wrapt with a folde of cares,
 Whose distresse no hart spares:
 Eyes might looke, but see no light,
 Heart might thinke, but no despight,
 Sunne did shine, but not on me,
 Sorrow said, it may not bee,
 That heart or eie should once possesse
 Any salve to cure distresse:
 For men in prison must suppose,
 Their couches are the beds of woes:
 Seeing this, I sighed then,
 Fortune thus should punish men.
 But when I cald to mind her face,
 For whose loue I brooke this place,
 Starry eies, whereat my sight
 Did eclipse with much delight,
 Eies that lighten, and do shine,
 Beames of loue that are diuine,
 Lilly cheekes whereon beside,
 Buds of Roses shew their pride,
 Cherry lipps, which did speake
 Words that made all harts to breake:
 Words most sweet, for breath was sweet,
 Such perfumes for loue is meete:
 Precious words, as hard to tell,
 Which more pleased, wit or smell.
 When I saw my greatest paines
 Grow for her that beauty staines,
 Fortune thus I did reprove.
 Nothing griefefull growes from loue,

Having thus chaunted over his Ode, he heard the chamber
 doore open. whereupon he grew melancholic; but when he saw
 the goddess of his affection, on whose constant loyalty depended
 the essence of his happinesse, he started by, as when lone-sicke
 Mars sawe Venus entring his pavilion in triumph, entertaining
 them all generally with such affabilitie, and her particularly
 with such courtesie, that he shewed himselfe as full of hurt ure
 as of nature. Interchange of entertainment thus past betwene

these two louers, as well with emphasis of wordes as extasie of mindes, concluding with streames of patheticall teares. The Mayor at last entred parley, and tolde Francesco, though his Father in lawe had alleadged felony against him; yet because he perceined that it rather proceeded of some secret reuenge, then any manifest truth, and that no further euidence came to censure the allegation, he was content to let him at libertie, conditionally, Francesco should giue his hand to be answerable to what hereafter in that behalfe might be objected against him. These conditions accepted, Francesco was set at liberty, and hee and Isabell ioyntly together taking themselves to a little Cottage, began to be as Ciceronicall as they were amorous: with their hands thirst coueting to satisfie their hearts thirst, and to be as diligent in labours, as they were affectionate in loues: so that the parish wherein they liued, so affected them for the course of their life, that they were counted the very mirrors of a Democraticall methode: for he being a Scholler, and nurt up in the Universities, resolved rather to liue by his witte, then any way to be pinched with want, thinking this old sentence to be true, That wishers and woulders were neuer good householders, therefore he applied himselfe in teaching of a Schoole, where, by his industry, he had not onely great fauour, but gat wealth to withstand fortune. Isabell, that she might same no lesse profitable then her husband carefull, fell to her needle, & with her worke sought to preuent the inurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to maintaine their loues, being as busie Bees, and as true as Turtles, as desirous to satisfie the worlde with their desert, as to feede the humours of their owne desires. Liuing thus in a league of vniued vertues, out of this mutuall concord of confirmed perfection, they had a Sonne answerable to their owne proportion, which did increase their amitie, so as the sight of their young infant was a double ratifying of their affection. Fortune and loue thus ioyning in league to make these parties to forget the stormes that had nipped the blossomes of their sonner yeeres, addicted to the content of their loues this conclusion of blisse. After the terme of fives yeeres, Segnior Fregoso hearing by sundrie reports the same of their forwardnesse, how Francesco coueted to be most louing to his daughter, and shee most dutifull to him;

and

and both strue to create one another in lealtie, glad at this mutuall agrément, he fell from the surie of his former melancholy passions, and satisfied himselfe with a contented patience, that at last he directed letters to his Sonne in Law, that he should make repaire to his house with his daughter. Which newes was no sooner come to the eares of this married couple, but providing for all things necessarie for the furniture of their voyage, they posted as fast as they could towards Caerbranke, where speedily arriving at their Fathers house, they found such friendly entertainment at the old mans hand, that they counted this smile of Fortune able to counteruaile all the contrarie strokes, that the adverse planets had indicted vpon them.

Seated thus, as they thought, so rely, as no sinister charge, or dismall influence might remoue, She that is constant in nothing but inconstancie, beganne in aire skie to produce a tempest thus.

It so chanced that Francesco had necessarie business to dispatch at the chiefe Cittie of that Island, called Troynouant, thither with the leaue of his Father, and farewell to his wife, he departed, after they were married seauen yeares; where, after he was arrived, knowing that he should make his abode there for the space of some nine weekes, he sold his horse, and hired him a chamber, earnestly endeavouring to make speedie dispatch of his affaires, that he might the sooner enioy the sight of his dearest *Isabell*; for did he see any woman beautifull, he viewed her with a figh, thinking how far his wife did surpasse her in excellence: were the modesty of any woman well noted by her qualities, it grieved him he was not at home with his *Isabell*, who did excell them all in vertues.

Thus he continued all to her perfection, hauing re vacant time neither day nor night, wherein he did not ruminat on the perfection of *Isabel*. As thus his thoughts were diuided on his businessse, and on his wife, looking one day out at his Chamber window, he espied a young Gentlewoman which looked out at a casement right opposite against his prospect, who bred her eyes vpon him with such cunning and artificiall glances, as she shewed in them a chaste desire, and yet a most desire. Where (by the way Gentlemen) let me say thus much; that ere

Curtizans of Troynouant, are farre superiour in artificiall allure-
ment to them of all the worlde: for although they have not the
painting of *Italie*, nor the charmes of *France*, nor the Jewels of
Spaine, yet they haue in their eies Adamants, that will drawe
youth as the Jeat the straw, or the sight of the Panther the crmily:
their looks are like lures that will reclaine, and like Cyrces ap-
paritions, that can represent in them all motions: they containe
modesty, mirth, chastity, wantonnesse, and what not: and she that
holdeth in her eie most ciuility, hath oft in her hart most dishon-
esty, being like the pyrit stone, that is fire without and frost within.
Such a one was this merry minion, whose honesty was as choise
as Venus chastity, being as faire as Helena, and as faithlesse; as
well featured as Cressida, and as crafty: having an eie for every
passenger, a sigh for every louer, a smile for every one that bailld
his bonnet: and because she loued the game well, a quiner for eu-
ery Woodmans arrow. This curtizan, seeing this country Fran-
cesco was no other but a mere nouice, and that so newely, that to
use the olde prouerbe, hee had scarce sene the Lions. She thought
to intrap him, and so arrest him with her amorous glances, that
she shold toyng him by the purse: wherupon every day she would
stand out at her casement and there discover her beautias. Frances-
co, who was like the fly that delighted in the flame, and coueted
to feed with his eie on this beauteous Curtizan, tilted at her with
inter change of glances, and one a day to try the finenesse of his
wit, with a poetickall fury, began thus to make a Canzone.

CANZONE.

As when the Sunne fate lordly in his pride,
Not shadowed with the vaile of any cloude,
The welkin had no racke that seem'd to glide,
No dusky vapour did bright *Phabus* shroude
No blemish did eclipse the beauteous skie,
From setting forth heauens seeret serching eie,
No blustering wind did shake the shady trees,
Each leafe lay still and silent in the wood,
The birds were musicall; the labouring Bees,
That in the summer heaps their winters good,

Plied to the hives sweet honey from those flowers,
 Whereout the Serpent strengthens all his powers.
 The Lyon layd and stretcht him in the lawnes,
 No storme did holde the Leopard from his pray,
 The fallow fieldes were full of wanton Fawnes,
 The plow-swaines neuer saw a fairer day:

For euery beast and bird did take delight,
 To see the quiet heauens to shine so bright.

When thus the windes lay sleeping in the Caues,
 The ayre was silent in her concaue spheare,
 And *Neptune* with a calme did please the slaues,
 Ready to wash the neuer drenched Beare,

Then did the change of my affects begin,
 And wanton Loue assaid to snare me in.

Leaning my backe against a lofty pine,
 Whose top did checke the pride of all the ayre :
 Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts, mine eie,
 Vpon the Sun, the fairest of all faire :

What thing made God so faire as this, quoth I?

And thus I muzde vntill I darkt mine eye.

Finding the Sun too glorious for my sight,
 I glanst my looke to shun so bright a lampe :
 With that appeard an obiect twice as bright,
 So gorgeous as my senses all were damp't,

In *Ida* richer beauty did not win

When louely *Venus* shew'd her siluer skin.

Her pace was like to *Iuno*s pompous straines,
 When as she sweepes through heauens brasse-paued way,
 Her front was powdred through with azurd vaines,
 That twixt sweet *Roses* and faire *Lillies* lay:

Reflecting such a mixture from her face,

As tainted *Venus* Beautie with disgrace:

Artophylax the brightest of the starres,
 Was not so orient as her christall eyes,
 Wherein triumphant sate both Peace and Wars,
 From out whose arches such sweet fauour flies,

As might reclaime *Mars* in his highest rage,

At beauties charge his fury to assuage.

The Diamond gleames not more reflecting lights,
 Painted with fiery pyramides to shine,
 Than are those flames that burnish in our sights,
 Darting fire out the christall of her eyne,
 Able to set *Narcissus* thoughts on fire,
 Although he swore him foe to sweete desire;
 Gazing vpon this Lemman with mine eye,
 I felt my sight vaile bonet with her lookes,
 So deepe a passion to my hart did flie,
 As I was trapt within her luring lookes,
 Forc't to confesse before that I had done.
 Her beauty far more brighter then the Sun.

Francesco having thus in a poeticall humour pleased his fancie, when his leisure serued him, would, to make proofe of his constancie, interchange amozous glances with this faire Curtizan, whose name was Infida, thinking his inward affections were so surely grounded on the vertues of his Isabell, that no exterior proportion could effect any passion to the contrary: but at last he found by experience, that the fairest blossomes are soonest nipt with frosts, the best fruite soonest touched with Caterpillers, and the ripeest wittes most apt to bee ouerthrowne by loue.

Infida taught him with her lookes to learne this, that the eye of the Basiliske pierceeth with preiudice: that the iuyce of Celidonie is swart, but it fretteth deadly: that Circes cuppes were too strong for all Antidotes, and womens flatteries too forceable to resist at voluntarie: for she so snared him in her perfection, insomuch that he thought her second to Isabell, if not superiour. Dallying thus with beautie, as the flie in the flame: Venus willing to shewe howe forceable her influence was so tempred with oportunitie, that as Francesco walked abroad to take the ayre, he met with Infida gadding abroad with certaine her companions, who like blazing Starres shewed the markes of inconstant minions; for the noe sooner drew neere Francesco, but dyng her face with a Vermillion blush, and in a wanton eye hiding a fained modesty, she saluted him with a lowe courtesie. Segnior Francesco that could well skill to court all kinde of degrees, lest he might then be thought to haue litle manners, returning, not
 onely

onely her curtisies with his bonnet, but taking Infida by the hand began thus: Faire Mistresse, and if mine eye be not deceived in so bright an object; mine ouerthwart neighbour, hauing often seene with delight, and coueted with desire to be acquainted with your swæte selfe, I cannot now but gratulate fortune with many thanks, that hath offered such fitte opportunity to bring me to your presence, hoping I shall find you so friendly, as to craue that we may be moze familiar. She that knew how to entertaine such a young nouice, made him this cunning reply. Ande sir, neighborhode craues rharitie, and such affable Gentlemen as your selfe deserues rather to be entertained with courtesie, than reiected with disdain. And therefore sir, what private friendship mine honour or honesty may afford, you aboue all (that hitherto I haue knowne) shall commaund. Then Mistresse (quoth he) for that euery man counts it credite to haue a patronesse of his fortunes, and I am a mere stranger in this citty, let me finde such fauour, that all my actions may be shrowded vnder your excellence, and carry the name of your Seruant, ready for requitall of such gracious countenance, to unsheath my sword in the defence of my Patronesse for ever. She that had her humour fitted with this motion, answered thus, with a loke that had bene able to haue forced Troylus to haue bene trothlesse to his Cressida: How kindly I take it Seignior Francesco, for so I vnderstand your name, that you proffer your seruice to so meane a Mistresse, the effectuall fauour that shall, to my poore abilitie, gratifie your curtisie, shall manifest how I account of such a friend. Therefore from henceforth Infida entertaines Francesco for her seruant: and I (quoth he) accept of the beauteous Infida as my Mistresse. Upon this they fell into other amorous prattle which I leaue off, and walked abroad while it was dinner time. Francesco still hauing his eye vppon his new mistresse, whose beauties he thought, if they were equally tempered with vertues, to exceed all that yet his eye had made surcey of. Doating thus on this new face with a new fancy, he often wrong her by the hand, and brake off his sentences, with such deepe sighes, that she perceined by the weather-cocke where the winde blew: returning such amorous passions, as she seemed as much entangled, as he was enamoured

Well, thinking now that she had baited her hooke, she would not cease while she had fully caught the fish, she beganne thus to lay the traine. When they were come nere to the Citty gates, she stayed on a suddaine, and straining him hard by the hand, and glauncing a looke from her eyes, as if she would both shew fauor, and craue affection, she beganne thus smilingly to assault him.

Seruant, the Lawyers say, the *assumfit* is neuer god, where the partie giues not somewhat in consideration, that seruice is voyde, where it is not made fast by some fee. Lest therefore your eye should make your minde variable, as mens thoughts follow their sights, & their looks wauer at the excellence of new objects, and so I lose such a seruant: to tye you to a stake with an earnest, you shall be this day my guest at dinner: then if hereafter you forget your mistris, I shall appeale at the barre of loyaltie, and so condemne you of lightnesse, Francesco that was tyed by the eye, and had his hart on his halfe peny, could not deny her, but with many thanks accepted of her motion, so that agreed, they went all to Infidaes house to dinner, where they had such chere, as could vpon the sodaine bee provided. Infida giuing him such friendly and familiar entertainment at his repast, as well with sweet prattle, as with amorous glances, that hee rested captiue within the labyzynth of flatteries. After dinner was done, that she might tye him from starting, she thought to set all her wits vpon Ela. Therefore shee tooke a lute in her hand, and in an angelical harmony warbled out this conceited Ditty.

Infidaes Song.

Sweet Adon darst not glance thine eye,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
 Vpon thy Venus that must die?
le vous en prie, pittie me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

See how sad thy Venus lies,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
 Loue in heart, and teares in eyes,

Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy face is faire as *Paphos* brookes,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,
 Wherein fancy baites her hookes,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy cheekes like cherries that do grow,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,
 Amongst the Westerne Mounts of snow.
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy lips vermillion full of loue,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.
 Thy necke as siluer, white as doue,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thine eyes like flames of holy fires,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.
 Burraes al my thoughts with sweet desires,
Ie nous en prie, pitty me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

All thy beauties sting my hart,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.
 I must die through *Cupids* darr,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Greenes neuer too late.

Wilt thou let thy *Venus* die,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Adon were vnkind say I,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

To let faire *Venus* die for woe,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,
 That doth loue sweet *Adon* so,
Ie vous en prie, pittie me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

While thus Infida sung her song, Francesco sate, as if with Orpheus melody hee had bene inchaunted, hauing his eyes fixed on her face, and his eares attendant on her musicke, so that hee yielded to that Syren which after so'ct him to a fatall shipwracke. Infida laying away her Lute after, fell to other prattle. But because it grew late in the afternone, Francesco that was called away by his vrgent affaires, tooke his leaue: whereat Infida seemed very melancholy, which made our young Scholler halfe mad, yet with a solemne congeé departing, he went about his businesse: whereas our cunning Curtizan, seeing her nouice gone, began to smile, and sayd to her companions, that shee had made a good market that had caught such a tame fowle. Alas poore young Gentleman (quoth she) he is like to the leaues in Egypt, that as they spring without raine, so they burne at the sight of the fire: or to the Swallowes, that thinke euery Sunne-shine Sommers day. Hee was neuer long waiter in Venus Court, that counts euery smile a fauour, & euery laugh to be true loue but it is no matter, hee hath store of pence, and I will sell him many passions, until I leaue him as empty of coyne, as my selfe is boyd of fancy. And thus leauing her telling at her new entertained Seruant, againe to Francesco, who after hee had made dispatch of his businesse, got him home to his lodging: where sitting solitary in his chamber, hee began to call to remembrance the perfections of his new Mistresse, the excellent proportion of
her

her physnomy, her stature, voice, gesture, vertues (as he thought) ruminating vpon euery part with a plaudite, At last, as he was in this pleasing suppose, he remembred his swaete Isabell, whose beauty and vertue was once so pprecious, that betwene his olde loue, and his new fancy, he fell into these passions, Ah Francesco, whither art thou carried with new conceites: shall thy fruits be more subiect to the frotherne blasses, then thy blossomes? shall thy middle age be more full of folly than thy tender yeres? wilt thou loue in thy youth, and lust when thy dayes are halfe spent? Men say that the Cedar, the elder it is, the straighter it growes; that Narcissus flowers, the higher they spring, the more glorioius is their hew: and so should Gentlemen, as they erre in yeares, erre in vertues: but thou (Francesco) art like to the Halciones, which being hatcht white as milke, grow to bee as blacke as Zeat: the young Storks haue a muscicall voyce, but the olde a fearefull sound. When thou wert of small age, men honoured thee for thy qualities, and now in yeares, shall they hate thee for thy vices: But to what end tendes this large preamble to checke thy fondnesse, that must leaue to loue, and learne to lust? What, leaue to loue Isabell, whose beautie is diuine, whose vertues rare, whose chastity lopall, whose constancy vntainted: And for whom: for loue of some vnknotwne Curtezian. Consider this Francesco, Isabell for thy sake hath left her Parents, forsaken her friends: reiected the world, and was content rather to broke pouerty with thee, than possesse wealth with her Father. Is she not faire to content thine eye, vertuous to allure thy minde: Nay, is she not thy wife, to whom thou art bound by law, loue, and conscience, and yet wilt thou start from her: what from Isabell? Didst thou not vowe that the heauens shoulde bee without lampes, the earth without beasts, the world without Elements, before Isabell should be forsaken of her Francesco? And wilt thou proue as false as she is faithfull: shall she like Dido cry out aginst Aeneas: like Phyllis aginst Demophoon: like Adriadne aginst Theseus, and thou bee cannonized in the Choronicles, for a man full of periury: Oh consider Francesco whom thou shalt lose if thou losest Isabell, and what thou shalt gaine if thou winnest Infida: the one being a louing wife, the other a flattering Curtizian. Hast thou read Aristotle, and findest thou
not

not in his Philosophie, this sentence set downe ?

*Omne animal irrationale ad sui similem diligendum
naturā dīgitur.*

And wilt thou that art a creature endued with reason, as thou art excelling them in wisdome, exceed them in vanities? Hast thou turned ouer the liberall Sciences as a scholer, and amongst them all hast not found this generall principle, that vnity is the essence of amity; and yet wilt thou make a diuision in the greatest sympathy of all loues? Nay Francesco, art thou a Christian, and hast tasted of the sweet fruits of Theology, and hast not read this in holy writ, pend downe by that miracle of wisdome Salomon, that hee which is wise should reiect the strang woman, and not regard the sweetnesse of her flattery.

Desire not the beauty of a strange woman in thine heart, nor bee not intrapp'd in her eye-lids:

For through a whorish woman, a man is brought to a morsell of bread, and a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man.

Can a man take fire in his bosome, and not be burnt? or can a man treade vpon coales, and not be scorched?

So he that goeth to his neighbours wife shal not be innocent who soeuer toucheth her.

Men doe not despise a theefe when hee stealeth to satisfie his soule; but if he be found, he shall restore seauen folde, or giue al the substance of his house.

But hee that committeth adultery with a woman is destitute of vnderstanding; he that doth it destroyeth his owne soule.

He shall finde a wound and dishonor, and his reproch shal neuer be put away.

If then Francesco, Theologie tels thee such axioms, wilt thou strue against the streame, and with the Dēre, sēde against the winde? Wilt thou swallow by sinne with greedinesse, that thou must bee punished without repentance? Nay Francesco, home to the wife of thy youth, and drinke the pleasant waters of thine owne Well. And what of all these frivolous circumstances? Wilt thou measure euery action with Philosophie, or euery thought with diuinitie? Then shalt thou liue in the world, as a man hated in the world. What Francesco, hee that is affraide of euery bush, shall neuer proue good huntsman; and be that

that at euery gust puts to the Sea, shall neuer be good Nauiga-
tor. Thou art now Francesco, to be a Louer, not a Diuine, to
measure thy affectiōs by Ouids principles, not by rules of theo-
logy, and time present wills thee to loue Infida, when thou canst
not looke on Isabell, distance of place is a discharge of dutie, and
men haue their faults, as they are full of fancies. What, the
blinde eates many a flie; and much water runnes by the Mill
that the Miller neuer knowes of, the euill that the eyes sees not,
the hart rues not, *Caste si non caute*. Tush Francesco, Isabell hath
not Lynceus eyes, to see so farre. Therefore while thou art resi-
dent in London, enioy the beauty of Infida, and when thou art
at home, onely content thee with Isabell, so with a small fault
shalt thou fully satisfie thine owne affectiōs. Thus Francesco
soothed himselfe, and did *In uirgineis aurem dormire*, caring little
for his god, as long as he might please his newe Goddess, and
making noe exception of a wife, so he might be accepted of
his Paramour. To effect therefore the desired ende of his af-
fects, he made himselfe as neate and quaint as might be, and
bied him home to his new mistresse house, to put in practise that
which himselfe had purposed: whither in the afternoone arri-
uing, he vnderstode by her chamber maid that she was at home
and solitary: by her therefore he was conducted to Infidas Clo-
set, where he found her seeming melancholy, and thus awaked
her from her dumps.

Faire Mistresse haile to your person, quiet to your thoughtes,
and content to your desires. At my first comming into your
Chamber seeing you sit so melancholy, I thought either Diana
late musing on the principles of her modestie, or Venus mal-
content, dumping on her amours: for the shewe of your vertues
represents the one, and the excellence of your beautie discouers
the other: but at last, when the glister of your beautie surpassing
them both, reflected like the pride of Phoebus on my face, I per-
ceiued it was my god Mistresse, that discontented late in her
dumps; wherefore, as your bounden seruant, if either my word
or sword may free you from these passions, I am here ready in
all actions howsoeuer preiudiciall, to shewe the effect of my af-
fection. Infida gladd to see her Louer in this Labyrinth:
wherein to binde him sure, she taking him by the hand, made

this willy answere.

Swaete seruant, how discontent soeuer I seme, dismay not you: for your welcome is such as you can wish, or the sinceritie of my heart afford: womens dumps grow not euer of a preiudiciall mishap, but oft times of some superficiall melancholy, imposed with a frowne, and shaken off with a smile: hauing sorrowe in their faces, and pleasure in their heart: resembling the leaues of the Liquorice, that when they are most full of deaw without, are then most drie within. I tell you seruant, women are willy cattell, and therefore haue I chosen so good a Heardsman as your selfe, that what our wantonnesse offends, your wisdomme may amend. But trust me Francesco, were I wronged by Fortune, or iniured by any Poe, the promise of such a Champiõ were sufficient to arme me with disdain against both: but rell satisfied, your presence hath banished all passions, and therefore you may see seruant, you are the Loadstone by whose vertue my thoughts take all their direction. Being thus pleasant, shee set Francesco downe by her, and hand in hand interchanged amorous glances. But hee that was abasht to discouer his minde, in that some sparkes of honesty still remained in his heart, late tormented with loue and feare, prickt forward by the one to discouise his desires, kept backe by the other from uttering his affections. Thus in a quandary hee late like one of Medusas changelings, till Infida seeing him in this suddaine amaze, began thus to shake him out of his passions.

Polu Segnior Francesco, I see the olde adage is not alwaies true, *Consulenti nunquam caput doluit*: for you that earli alleaged perswasions of mirth, are now ouergrowne with melancholy. When an extreme sorrowe folloves a pleasant calme, then the effects are metaphysicall, and where such a violent dunpe of cares is sequence to such anertastie of ioyes, either I must attribute it to some apoplexie of senses, or some strange alteration of passions. Francesco, the ouen dampd by hath the greatest heat, fire suppress is most forcible, the streames stoppt, either breake through or ouerflowe, and sorrowes concealed, as they are most passionate, so they are most peremptory. What Francesco, spit on thy hand, and lay holde on thy heart, one pound of care payes not an ounce of debt: a friend to reueale, is a medicine to relieue

relieue: discover thy griefe, and if I be not able to redresse with wealth, although what I haue is at thy commaund, yet I will attempt with counsaile, either to perswade thee from passions, or intreate thee to patience: say Francesco, and feare not, for as I will be a friendly counseller, so I will be a faithfull concealer.

Our young Gentleman hearing Infida apply such lenitive plaisters to his cutting roughness, thought the patient had great hope when the Physitian was so friendly; he therefore with a demure countenance beginning Louer-like his preambles with a deepe sigh, courted her thus.

Faire Mistress (quoth he) if I faile in my speeches, thinke it is, because I faint in my passions, being as timorous to offend, as I am ambitious to attempt: when the object is offered to the sense, the sight is hindered, *Sensibile sensui oppositum, nulla fit sensatio*: Mars could neuer play the Orator, when hee wrong Venus by the hands: no Tully tell his tale when his thoughts were in Terentiaes eyes: Louers are like to the Hebano blossomes, that open with the dew, and shut with the Sunne; so they in presence of their mistresse haue their tongues tied, and their eyes open, pleading with the one, and being silent in the other; which one describeth thus:

Alter in alterius iactantes lumina vultus,

Quarebant taciti nosse ubi esset amor.

Therefore sweet Infida, what my tongue utters not, thinke conceited in my heart: and then thus. Since first my good fortune, if thou fauourest me, or my aduerse destinies, if I finde thee contrary, brought me to Troynouant, and that these ouer-daring eyes were entertained into those gorgeous objects, know, that Cupid lying at aduantage, so snared me in thy perfections, that euer since euery sense hath rested imperfect. For when I marked thy face, more beauteous than Venus, I surueyed it with a sigh, and mine eye purtraied it with a passion: when I noted thy vertues, then my minde rested captiue: when I heard thy wit, I did not onely wonder, but I was so wrapt in the Labyrinth of thine excellence, that no starre but Infida could be the guide whereby to direct my course. Sith then faire Mistress, you, and none but you, haue robbed me of my affections, harbour not in such a swete body a hard heart, but doe me iustice, let me haue

loue for ~~my~~, lest I complaine my desires to be equiualet to
my desires, and think my fortunes to be sharper then my loues.
Thinke, Infida, faults in affections are but slight follies: Venus
hath shyness to shaddow her trewants, and Cupids wings are
shelters for such as venture too farre to content their thoughts.
Sinnes vnlesse, are halfe pardoned, and Loue requires not cha-
stite, but that her Souldiers be charie. Then thinke (sweet In-
fida) if thou grant my desire, how care full I wil be of thy hono^r,
rather ready to abide the preiudice of life, then to broke the dis-
paragement of thy fame: In lieu therefore of my loyall seruice,
graft me that sweet gift, which as it begins in amity, can no
way take end but in death: other wise I shal bee forced to accurse
my fortunes, accuse my frowardnesse, and expect no other hap
but a life full of miseries, or a death full of martyrdome. With
this passion ending his plea, he dissolued into such sighes, that it
discreetured his inward affection, not to be lesse then his outward
protestation.

Infida noting the perplexitie of her Louer, conceited his grief
with great ioy: yet that she might not be thought too forwarde,
she seemed thus froward: and though her thoughts were more
than his desires, and that her minde was no lesse than his moti-
on, yet pulling her hand from his, she made this frowning reply.

What Francesco, when the Tyger hunteth for his prey, doth
he then hide his claws: Is the Pyrit Stone then most hotte,
when it looketh most cold: Are men so subtil, that when they
seeme most holy, they are farthest from God: can they vnder the
shadow of vertue coner the substance of vanitie, and like Ianus
be double faced, to present both faith and flattery: I had thought
(seruant) when I entertained thee for thy courtesie, I should not
haue had occasion to shake thee off for thy boldnesse, nor when I
likt thee for thy affable simplicitie, I should haue mislikt thee
for thy secret subtilty: What, Francesco to desire such a graunt
as may, if thou wert wise, neither stand with thy honestie to in-
tend, nor with my honour to effect. Tell me Francesco, hath ei-
ther my countenance bin so courteous that it might promise such
small curiositie, or my looke so lasciuious that thou mightest hope
to finde me so lauish, or my actions so wauering, or my dispositi-
on so full of vanity, that my hono^r might seeme some to be assaul-
ted

ted, and some sacked. If I haue (Francesco) bin faulty in these fol-
lies, then will I seek to amend, wherein thou saiest I haue made
offence: if not, but that thou thinkest, for that I am a woman, I
am easie to be won with promises of loue, and protestations of
loyaltie, thou art (Sweet servant) in a wrong bore, & sittest farre
beside the cushion: for I passe of my honoꝝ moze then life, and co-
uet rather to haue the title of honesty, then the dignitie of a vi-
ademe: cease then, vnlesse thou wilt surcease to haue my fauor, &
content thee with this, that Infida al lowes of thee for loue not for
lust, & yet if she should tread her shoe awoy, would rather yeld
the spoyle of her honoꝝ to her seruant, than to the greatest prince
of the world. Francesco though he was a novice in these affaires,
and was nipped on the head with this sharpe repulse, yet he was
not so to take the shouere for the first storme, nor so ill a wood-
man to giue ouer the chase at the first default, but that he profe-
cuted his purpose thus. I am sorrie (faire goddesse of my deuoti-
on) if my presumption hath giuen any offence to my swete mi-
stresse, for rather then I should but procure a frowne in her for
head, I would haue a deepe wound in my owne hart; coueting
rather to suppress my passions with death, then to disparage my
credite with so good a patronesse. Therefore though my destinies
be extreme, my affections great, and my loues such as can take
no end but in your fauours, yet I rest vpon this, Infida hath
commaunded me to cease, and I wil not dare so much as to pro-
secute my sute, although euery passion should be a purgatorie,
and euery dayes denyall a moneths punishment in hell: with
that he set downe this period with such a sigh that, as the Parri-
ners say, a man would haue thought al would haue split againe.
This cunning Curtizan being afraid, with this checke to haue
quatted the queasie stomacke of her louer, desirous to draue to
her that with both handes, which she had thrust awoye with her
little finger, began to be pleasant with Francesco thus.

What seruant, are you such a fresh water Souldier, that you
faint at the first skirmish: feare not man, you haue not to deale
with Mars, but with Venus; and her darts of deniall, as they
pricke sharpe, so they pierce little, and thunderbolts doe affright,
not preiudice, Feare not man, a womans hart and her tongue,
are not relatives: tis not euer true, that what the hart think-

eth the tongue clacketh. Venus flames are tempered with Rose-water, and when she hath the greatest iunckle in her browe, then hath she the sweetest dumple in her chinne: be blith man, a faint heart neuer won faire Lady. Francesco hearing his Giltresse thus pleasant, took Opportunity by the forehead, and dealt so with his Infida, that before he went all was well, she blusht not, nor he halst, but both made by their market with a faire of kisses: which sympathy of affections bred the poore Gentlemans ouerthrow; for he was so snared in the wily trammels of her allying flattery, that neither the remembrance of his label, the care of his child, the fauours of his friends, or the feare of disre-dite, could in any wise hale him from that hell, whereinto, through his owne folly, he was fallen.

Where by the way (Gentlemen) let vs note the subtiltie of these Syrens, that with their false harmony perswade, and then preiudice, who bewitch like Calyps, and inchant like Circes, carrying a sheu, as if they were Clessals, and could with Amulia carry water in a sieue, when they are flat Curtifans, as far from honesty, as they are from deuotion. At the first, they carrie a faire shew, resembling Calisto, who hid her vanities with Diapies baile, hauing in their lookes a coy disdain, but in their hearts a hot desire, denying with the tongue, and enticing with their lookes, reiecting in words, and alluring in gestures; and such a one (Gentlemen) was Infida, who so plied Francesco with her flattering saluons, that as the yron followes the Adamant, the straw the heat, and the Heliotropian the beames of the Sunne, so his actions were directed after her eye, and what she said stood for a principle, insomuch, that he was not onely ready in all sub-mis humours to please her fancies, but willing for the least word of offence, to drawe his weapon against the stoutest Champion in all Troynouant. Thus seated in her beauty, he liued a long while, forgetting his returne to Caerbrancke, till on a day sitting musing with himselfe, he fell into a deepe consideration of his former fortunes and present follies: whereupon taking his Lute in his hand, he sung this Roundelay.

Francescoes Ronsdelay.

Sitting and sighing in my secret mufe,
 As once *Apollo* did, surprisde with loue,
 Noting the slippery wayes yong yeares do vse,
 What fond affects the prime of youth doth moue,
 With bitter teares despairing I do cry,
 Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

When wanton age, the blossomes of my time,
 Drew me to gaze vpon the gorgeous sight,
 That beaurie pompous in her highest prime,
 Presents to tangle men with sweet delight,
 Then with despairing teares my thoughts do cry,
 Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

When I surueyde the riches of her lookes,
 Whereout flew flames of neuer quencht desire,
 Wherein lay baits that *Venus* inares with hookes
 Or where prowd *Cupid* sate all arm'd with fire:

Then toucht with loue my inward soule did erie,

Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

The milke-white *Galaxie* on her browe,

Where loue doth dance *lawless* of his skill,

Like to the Temple wher true louers owe

To shew what shall please their Mistis will

Noting her Ivory front: now doe I crye,

Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Her face like silver *Luna* in her shine,

All rained through with bright vermillion flames,

Like Lillies dipt in *Bacchus* choycest wine,

Powdred and interleamd with azur'd vaines,

Delighting in their pride; now may I cry,

Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

The

The golden wyres that checkers in the day,
Inferior to the tresses of her haire,
Her Amber trammels did my hart dismay,
That when I lookt, I durst not ouer-dare:
Proude of her, now am I forst to cry,
Woe worth the faults and and follies of mine eye,

These sading beauties drew me vnto sin,
Natures great riches framde my bitter ruth,
These were the traps that loue did snare me in,
Oh these, and none but these haue wrackt my youth,
Missed by them, I may despairing cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

By these I slippt from vertues holy tracke,
That leades vnto the highest Christall Spheare,
By these I fell to vanity and wracke,
And as a man forlorne with sin and feare:
Despaire and sorrow doth constraîne me cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Although this sonnet was of his ready inuention, and that hee vttered it in the bitterness of mind, yet after he had past ouer his melancholy, and from his solitary was fallen into company, hee forgot his pathetical impression of vertue, and like the dog did *redire ad vomitum*, and fell to his owne vomite, resembling those Grecians, that with Vlysses drinking of Circes drugges, lost both forme and memorie. Well, his affaires were done, his horse solde and no other businesse nowe rested to hinder him from hying home, but his distresse, which was such a violent detainer of his person, and thoughts, that there is noe heaven but Infidaes house, where although he pleasantly entred in with delight, yet cowardly he slippt a way with repentance. Well, leaving him to his new loues, at last to Habel, who daily expected the coming home of her best beloued Francesco: thinking euery houre a yere, till she might see him, in whom rested all her content. But when (poore soule) she could neither see de her sight with his presence,

lence, nor his eares with his letters, she began to lowze, & grieve so discontent, that she fell into a feuer. Fortunethat meant to try her patience, thought to proue her with these fragical newes. It was told her by certaine Gentlemen her friends, who were her husbands priuate familiars, that he meant to sojourn most part of the yeare in Troynouant: one blunt fellow amongst the rest that was plaine and without falthoode, tolde her the whole cause of his residence, how he was in loue with a most beautifull Gentlewoman called Infida, and that so depely, that no perswasion might reuoke him from that alluring Curtizan. At this Isabell made no account, but tooke it as a frinolous tale, and thought the worse of such as buzzed such fantastickall follies into her eares: but when the generall report of his demeanours were bruted abroad throughout all Caerbrancke, then with blushing cheekes, she hid her face, and grieving at his follies and her one fortunes, smothered the flames of her sorrowes with inward conceit, but outwardly with too much such insatirical toarmes as did inueigh against the honestie of Francesco, so that the wonne great commendations of all for her loyaltie and constancy: yet when she was gotten secret by her selfe, her heart full of sorrowfull passions, and her eyes full of teares, she began to meditate with herselfe of the prime of her youth bowed to Francesco, how she forsooke, Father, friends, and Country, to be a paramour vnto her harts paragon. The vowes he made, when he caried her away in the night, the solemne promises and protestations that were uttered. When he had pondered all these things, then he called to minde Aeneas, Demophoon, and Theseus, and matcht them with Dido, Phillis, and Ariadne, and at last, sighed thus: And shall it bee so betwene Isabell and Francesco? No, thinke not so (fond woman) let not iealousie blind thee, whom loue hath indued with such piercing insight: for as there is no content to the sweetnesse of loue, so there is no despaire to the preiudice of iealousie: wherevpon to shake off all faneles, she tooke her Citterne in her hand, and sung this verse out of Ariosto.

*Che piu felice è piu inuendo stato,
Che vincer piu dolce è piu beato,
Sarmi deservire vno amoroso cuore*

*Che d'esser in seruitud amore ,
Se non fuisse huomo sempre stimolato ,
Da quella rio timore, da quella frenesia,
Da quella rabbia, della sclozia.*

Yet as women are constant , so they are easie to be l'oue , e-
specially truth, and so it fell out with Isabell, for shee (poore soule)
could take no rest . her head was so troubled with these netwes,
hammering a thousand humors in her brayne, how shee might
know the certaintie of his follies, and how shee might reclaim
him from his new entertaind affection. She considered with her
selfe, that men allure Doves by the beautie of the house, and re-
claime Hawkes by the fairenes of the lure, and that loue ioynd
with vertue , were able to recall the most stragling Aeneas to
make sailes againe to Carthage . Tully (quoth shee to her selfe)
suppose hee be false in loue with a curtizan, & that beautie hath
given him the bzaue : what, shall I utterly condemne him ? No:
as he was not the first, so he shall not be the last. What, youth
will haue his swinge, the bziar will be full of prickels, the nettle
will haue his sting, and youth his amours : men must loue , and
will loue, though it be both agaynst law and reason; a crooked
stien will proue a straight tree , the Juniper is sower when it is
a twig, and swate when it is a tree: time changeth manners, and
Francesco, when he entreteth into the condition of a flattering
Curtizan , will forsake her , and returne penitent & more louing
to his Isabell. Thus like a good wife she construed all to the best:
yet she thought to put him in mind of his returne , and therefore
she writ him a letter to this effect.

Isabel to Francesco, health.

IF Penelope longed for her Vlyses, thinke Isabel wiseth for
her Francesco , as loyall to thee as she was constant to the
soilie Greeke, and no lesse desirous to see thee in Caerbrances
than shee to enioy his presence in Ithaca, watering my cheekes
with as many teares, as shee her face with plaints: yet my Fran-
cesco, hoping I haue no such cause as shee, to increase her cares,

For I haue such resolution in thy constancy, that no Circes with all her inchauntments, no Calypso with all her sorceries, no Syren with all her melodies could peruert thee from thinking on thine Isabel. I know Francesco, so deeply hath the faithfull promise and loyal bowes made and interchanged between vs taken place in thy thoughts, that no time how long soeuer, no distance of place, howsoeuer different, may alter that impression. But why do I inferre this needlesse insinuation to him, that no vanity can alienate from vertue: let me Francesco, perswade thee with other circumstances. First my swaet, thinke how thine Isabel lies alone, measuring the time with sighs, and thine absence with passions, counting the day dismal, and the night full of sorowes, being euery way discontent, because she is not content with her Francesco. The onely comfort that I haue in thine absence is thy childe who lies on his mothers knee, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a wooer. But when the boy sayes, I am, where is my Dad, when wil he come home: Then the calme of my content, turneth to a present storme of piercing sorow, that I am forced sometime to say: Unkinde Francesco, that forgets his Isabel. I hope Francesco, it is thine affaires, not my faults that procureth this long delay. For if I knew my follies did any way offend thee, to rest thus long absent, I woul punish my selfe both with outward and inward penance. But howsoeuer, I pray for thy health, and thy speedy returne, and so Francesco farewell.

Thine more then her owne *Isabel.*

She hauing finished her letters, conueied the speedily to Troyenouant, where they were deliuered to Francesco, who receiving them with a blush, went into his study, & there vnript the seales with a sigh, perceiuing by the contents that Isabel had an inking of his unkinde Lones, which drazed him into a great quandary, that deeply entring into the insight of his lasciuious life, he began to feele a remorse in his conscience. how grievously he had offended her that had so faithfully loued him. Oh, quoth he, shall I be so ingrate as to quittance affection with fraude? So unkinde as to weigh downe loue with discourtesie: to giue her a wéde that presents me a flower, and to beate her with nettles,

flies, that perfumes me with Roses: consider with thy selfe Francesco, how deeply thou dost sin. First thou offendest thy God in choyling so wanton a Goddess: then thou dost wrong thy wife, in preferring an inconstant Curtizan before so faithfull a Paramour: yet Francesco, thy Haruest is in the grasse, thou mayst stop at the brim, because thou hast neuer touched the bottome. What: men may fall, but to wallow in wickednesse is a double fault. Wherefore recall thy selfe, reclaime thy affections: Is not thine Isabell as faire? Oh if she be not, yet is she more vertuous. Is not Isabell so witty as Infida? Oh, but she is more constant, & then art thou so mad, to preferre brosse before gold, a common flint before a choice diamond, vice before vertue, fading beauty before the excellent inward qualities? No, Shake off these follies, and say both in mouth and heart, none like Isabell. This he saide by him selfe, but when he went forth of his Chamber, and espied his Mistris looking out at her windowe, all this gaire changed, and the case was altered: shee called, and in hee must, and there in a leass scroft at his waines letters, taking his Infida in his arms, and saying, I will not leaue this Troy for the chafest Penelope in the world,

Thus he soothed himselfe in the swétnesse of his sin, resembling the Leopards that feed on Sparioram while they die, or the people Hyperborei, that sit so long and gaze against the Sunne till they become blind: so he doated on the perfection of Infida till it grew to his bitter preiudice: for no reason could diuert him frō his damned intent, so had he drowned himselfe in the degrees of lust: insomuch that hee couated it no sin to offend with so faire a Saint: alluding to the saying of the holy Father:

Consuetudo peccandi tollit sensum peccati.

Thus did these two continue in the Sympathie of these sins, while Isabell rested her at home, content in this, that at last he would be reclaimed, and till then she would vse patience, saying *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.* Wallowing thus in the folds of their owne follies, Fortune that meant to experience the force of loue dealt thus conceitedly. After these two Louers had by the space of thre yeares securely slumbrd in the swétnes of their pleasures, and drunk with the surfet of content, thought no other heauen but their owne supposed happines: as enery storm hath

bath his calme, and the greatest Spring-tide the deadeſt ebbe, ſo ſated it with Franceſco : ſo long went the pot to the water, that at laſt it came broken home, and ſo long put he his hand in to his purſe, that at laſt the empty bottome returned him a writ of *Non eſt inuentus* : ſo well might the Diuell daunce there, ſo euer a croſſe there was to keepe him backe.

Well, this lower fuller of paſſions than of pence, began (when he entred into the conſideration of his owne eſtate) to mourne of the chine, and to hang the lip as one that ſo want of ſounding had ſtrooke himſelfe vpon the Sands: yet he couered his inward ſorrow with outward ſmiles, and like Ianus, preſented his Miſtris with a merry looke, when the other ſide of his viſage was full of ſorrowes. But ſhe that was as good as a touchſtone to try mettals, could ſtrait ſpie by the laaſt where the ſhoe win- ged him: and ſeeing her Franceſco was almoſt ſoundred, thought to ſee if a ſkilful Farriar might mend him: if not, like an vnthack- full Hackney man, ſhe meant to turne him into the bare Leas, & ſet him as a tired Hade to picke a Gallie.

Vpon which determination, that ſhe might do nothing rath- ly, ſhe made inquiry into his eſtate, what linings he had, what Lands to ſel, how they were, either tied by Statute, or intaild. At laſt, through her ſecret and ſubtile inquiſition, ſhe found that all his corne was on ſ ſtoze, that his ſheepe were clipt, & the wool ſold: to be ſhort, that what he had by his wiſe could neither bee ſold nor morgaged, and what he had of his owne, was ſpent by ſ her, that nothing was left ſo him to liue vpon but his wits. This newes was ſuch a cooling card to this Curtizan, that ſ extreme heate of her loue was already growne to be luke warme: which Franceſco might eaſily perceine: ſo at his arrivall, his welcome was more ſtrange, her lookes more coy, his ſare more ſlender, her glances leſſe amorous: and ſhe ſeemed to be Inſida in propor- tion but not in wanted paſſions.

This vncooth diſdaine made Franceſco maruel who yet had not entred into her deceits, nor (being ſimple of himſelfe) had euer yet experiencd a ſtrumpets ſubtilty: he imputed therefore his miſtreſſe coineſſe to the diſtemperature of her body, and thought that being not well, it was no wonder though ſhe gaue him the leſſe welcome.

Thus worse nouice did he consider euery thing to the best vntill time presented him with the truth of the worst: for in worst tyme, his Hostes called for money, his creditors threatened him with an arrest, his cloathes wart thred bare, and there was no more coyne in the mint to amend them. Where, vppon a day, sitting in a great dumpe by his Infida, who was as solenne as he was sorrowfull, he burst forth into these speeches.

I haue read (werte Loue) in the Aphorismes of Philosophers that heat suppressed is more violent, the streame stoppt makes the greater deluge, and passions concealed procure the deeper sorrowes. When if *Contrariorum contraria est ratio*, there is nothing better than a bolome friend, with whome to confer vppon the iniurie of Fortune. Finding my selfe (Infida) full of Partheniaes as stung to the quicke, inuentioned with the Tarantula of heart-sicke torments, I thinke no medicine fitter for my malady than to be cured by the musicall harmony of thy friendly counsaile. Know then Infida, that Troynouant is a place of great expence, like the serpent Hidaspis, that the more it sucks, the more it is a thirst, eating men aliuie as the Crocodile: and being a place of as dangerous allurements, as the seat where the Syrens sit and chaunt their preiudiciall melody. It is to yong Gentlemen like the Labyzynth, wheresout Theseus could not get without a thred, but he re be such monstrous Minotaures, as first deuoure the thred, and then the person. The Innes are like Pot-houses, which by little and little sweate a man into a consumption: the Host he carries a pint of wine in the one hand, to welcome, but a poniard in the other to stab: and the Hostes she hath smiles in her forehead, and prouides good meate for her guests, but the fauce is costly, for it farre exceeds the rates. If coyne wait, then epyther to Limbo, or els clap vp a commoditie (if so much credite be left) where he shall finde such knots, as he will neuer be able, without his bitter preiudice, to vntie. Brokers, I leaue them off, as too course ware to be mouthed with an honest mans tongue. These Minotaures, faire Infida, haue so eaten me vp in this Labyzynth, as to be plaine with thee that art my second selfe, I want, and am so farre indebted to the Percer and nrine Hostes, as either thou must stand my friend to disburse so much money for me, or else I must depart from Troynouant, and

so from thy sight, which how precious it is to me, I refer to thine owne conscience: or for an *Ulimum vale*, take by my lodging in the Counter, which I know, as it would be vncomly to me, so it would be græuefull to thee, and therefore now hangs my welfare in thy will. How loath I was to utter vnto thee my want and sorrow, measure by my loue who with rather death then thy discontent.

Infida could scarce suffer him so long a period, and therefore with her forehead full of furrowes, she made him this answer. And would you haue me (sir) buy an ounce of pleasure, with a tunne of mishaps, or reach after repentance with so high a rate: haue I lent thee the blossomes of my youth, & delighted thee with the prime of my yeeres: hast thou had the spoile of my virginittie, and now wouldest thou haue the sacke of my substance? When thou hast withered my person, ayimest thou at my welth? No sir, no, know, that for the loue of thee, I haue crackt my credit, that neuer before was stayned. I cannot looke abroade without a blush, nor go with my neighbours without a frowne, thou and thy name is euer cast in my dish, my foes laugh, and my friends sorrow to see my follies: wherefore seeing thou beginnest to picke a quarrel, and hereafter, when thine owne base Fortunes haue brought thee to beggary, wilt say that Infida cost thee so many Crownes, and was thine ouerthrowe: auant Pouice, home to thine own wife, who (poore Gentlewoman) sits and wants what thou consumest at Lauerns. Thou hast had my despoyle, and I feare I beare in my belly the token of too much loue I owed thee: Yet content with this discredit, rather then to ruine into further extremity, get thee out of my doores, for from henceforth thou shalt neuer be welcome to Infida. And with that shee flung by, and went into her Chamber. Francesco would haue made a reply, but shee would not heare him, nor holde him any more chat: Whereupon with a flea in his eare, he went to his lodging, there ruminating on the number of his follies, and the hardnesse of his fortunes, seeing his score great, his coyns little, his credite lesse: weighing how hardly he had vsed his libell: at last, leaning his head on his hand, with teares in his eyes, he began to be thus extreamely passionate. Now Francesco, *Piscator ictus sapit*, experience is a true Mistresse, but shee maketh her schollers treade

tread vpon thoznes, hast thou not leaped into the ditch, which thou hast so greedily desired to reach? Oh now thou seest the difference betwene loue and lust: the one full of contented pleasure, the other of pleasing miseries: thy thoughts were feathered with fancy, & whither did they flie? so far, that they freed themselves, and thou rest consumed. Oh Francesco, what are women? If they be honest, Saints, the purity of nature, the excellence of vertue, the perfection of earthly content. But if they be Curtizans and Strumpets, Oh let me breathe before I can vtter the depth of such a monstrous description, they be in shape Angels, but in qualities deuils, painted Sepulchers with rotten bones, their foreheads are Kalenders of misfortunes, their eyes like comets, that when they sparkle, foretell some fatall disparagement, they allure with amorous glances of lust, and kil with bitter looks of hate, they haue dimples in their cheekes to deceiue, and wrinkles in their browes to betray, their lips are like to the hony combs, but who tasteth the drops, is impoysoned: they are as clere as Chrissall, but bruse them, and they are as infectious as the Diamond, their teares are like the Aconiton that the Hydra wept: they present as Deianira, whirts for presents, but who so puts them on, consumes like Hercules; they lay out the folds of their haire, and intangle men in their tresses, playing the horse-leach, that sucketh while they burst, betwene their breasts is the vale of destruction, and in their beds, oh there is sorrow, repentance, hell, and despaire. They consume man a line, and ayne at his substance, not his perfection, like Eagles, that onely flie thither where the carion is; they leade men to hell, and leaue them at the gates. To be brieue they are ingratefull, periured, vntrue, inconstant, flouting, full of fraud, deceitfull, & to conclude in one word, they be the very refuse of natures excrementes. Oh Francesco, what a satyricall inuective hast thou vttered? I may best (quoth hee) for I haue bought every principle with a pound, What now rests for the poore infortunate man? Thou hast yet left a meanes to end all these miseries, and that is this: draw thy rapier, and so die, that with a manly resolution thou mayst preuent thy further misfortunes. Oh although thou hast sinned, yet despaire not, though thou art Anathema, yet prooue not an Atheist, the mercy of God is aboue all his works,

works, and repentance is a pretious baine. Home to thy wife, to the wife of thy youth Francesco, to Isabell, who with her patience will couer all thy follies: remember this, man. *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.*

Thus he ended, and with very griefe fell in a slumber. At this the Palmer breathed and made a stop, & a longer period. His host desirous to heare out the end of Francescoes fortunes, wished him to goe forward in his discourse. Pardon me sir, quoth the Palmer, the night is late, and I haue trauelled all the day: my belly is full, and my bones would be at rest: Therefore, for this time, let thus much suffice, and to morrow at our vp rising, which shalbe with the Sun, I wil not only discourse vnto you the end of Francescoes amours, of his returne home to his wife, and his repentance, but manifest vnto you the reason why I aymed my pilgrimage to Venice. The gentleman and his wife very loath to be tedious to the good Palmer, were content with his promise: and so, taking vp the candle, lighted him to bed, where we leaue him, And therefore, as soone as it may be, (Gentlemen)

looke for Francescoes further Fortunes, and after that, my Farewell to Follies: and then, adue to amorous Pamphlets.

FINIS.

The

The second part of Greenes Neuer too late

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

N Sooner did Phoebus burnish the heauen with his
brighnes, and deckt in a glorious diademe of chry-
solites, had mounted him on his Coach to lighten
the Lampe that maketh Flora beauteous, but the
Palmer was by, and at his Orisons, being as de-
uoute in his thoughts, as he was mindfull of his trauels: wal-
king in the garden all alone, and seeing the Sun now peeping out
of the East, he beganne to meditate with himselfe of the state of
man, comparing his life to the lenght of a span: or the compasse of
the Sun, who rising bright and orient, continueth but his appoin-
ted course, and that oft times shadowed with so many clouds, and
stained with a sable veile of such thick fogs, that he is more dark-
ned with sorrowe, then beautified with light: and if it fortune his
shine is without blemish, yet he setteth, & that more oft in a folde
of cloudes, then in a clere skie: so man bozne in the pride of beau-
ty, or pomp of wealth, be his honors equal with his fortunes, and
he as happie as Augustus, yet his life hath but his limits, and
that clogged with so many cares and crosses, that his daies are
more full of miseries, then of pleasures: and his disaster mishaps,
are more then his prosperous fortunes: but if the stars grace him
with al fauourable aspects, and that he liue ful of content, in ma-
ny honors and much wealth, yet his prime hath his autume, his
faire blossomes turne to tawny leaues, age wil shake him by the
shoulder, and nature will haue his due, that at last he must set
with the Sun, and perhaps in such a cloud of sinne, as his rising
may be in a stormy of sorowes. Thus did the Palmer meditate
with himselfe, being penitent for the follies of his youth, that at
last thinking to be as musical to himselfe, as the birds were me-
lodious; he chanted out this Ode.

The second part.

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The penitent Palmers Ode.

Whilome in the winters rage,
A Palmer old and full of age,
Sate and thought vpon his youth,
With eyes teares, and hearts ruth,
Being all with cares y' blent,
When he thought on yeares mis-spent,
When his follies came to minde,
How fond loue had made him blinde,
And wrapt him in a field of woes
Shadowed with pleasures shewes,
Then he sighed, and saide alas,
Man is sinne, and flesh is graspe.
I thought my Mistris haire were gold,
And in her locks my heart I fold:
Her amber tresses were the sight,
That wrapped me in vaine delight:
Her Iuory front, her pretty chin,
Were scales that drew me on to sin:
Her starry lookes, her christall eyes,
Brighter then the Sunne s arise:
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
Yoakt my thoughts and my desire,
That I gan cry ere I blin,
Oh her eyes are paths to sin.
Her face was faire, her breath was sweet,
All her lookes for loue were meete:
But loue is folly this I know
And beauty fadeth like to snow.
Oh why should man delight in pride,
Whose blossome like a dew doth glide?
When these supposes toucht my thought,
That world was vaine, and beauty nought,
I gan to sigh, and say alas,
Man is sinne, and flesh is graspe,

The Palmer hauing ended his Ode, sate in a great dumpe in
the garden, when his Host accompanied with his wife, desirous

to heere out Francoesoes fortune, were come into the place, and gau? him the bon iorno thus: Curteous Palmer, a kind salute to waken you from your mornings meditation: I see you haue the prouerb for a principle to bed with the Be, and vp with the Larke: no sooner the Sun is in the skie, but you are at your orisons, either ruminating passions, or penance: either some olde remembrance, or some new reuerse. Whosoouer (gentle Palmer) tis no manners to enter too farre into your thoughts, and therefore leauing your secrets to your selfe, Come *stata la vostra signiori a quest amatina*. The Palmer that had learned a little broken Italian, seeing his honest Host in such a merrie mode, made this answer. *To sto bon signior diu merce, ringratiandoui son-namenti di vostra grande cortesia*, holding it fit for my Fortunes to haue many cares, and little sleape, that my penance may bee great, sith my sinnes are many: long slumbers are for idle persons not for penitent Palmers, and sweet dreames are no instances of hartie deuotion: therefore doe I watch with the mouse to argue my selfe miserable, and inuigile my selfe to much paines because I am combred with many passions.

This morning entring into this Garden, I saue by the works of nature, the course of the world: for when I saw Floraes glorie shut vp in the foldes of Iris frowns, I beganne to consider, that the pride of man, was like the pomp of a flower, that to day glories in the field, and to morrow in the fornice: that we bee like the flies Hemera that take life with the sunne, and die with the dew: that our honors are compared to the blossomes of a Cedar, which vanish ere they begin to burnish, & all our triumphs, like characters written in snow, that printed in a vapour, at the least Sun-shine discover our vanity: for they are as soone melted, as our pleasures are momentarie. Tied by fates to this tickle state, we haue nothing more certaine than to die, no: nothing more uncertaine, then the houre of death: and therefore when I call to mind the follies of my youth, how they haue bene tickled with vice, I couet in the flower of my yeares, to repent and amend: for.

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

You doe well Sir (quoth the Gentleman) in all your actions to consider the end: for he that soe repents, soe suffers many pe-
rils:

ride: had I will is a great fault, and after wits are bitten with many sorrows: therefore, such as grieve at their follies; & come to prevent dangerous fortunes, they wisely take an antidote of grace against the deadly acouition of sinne; and with present remorse prevent ensuing vanities, such indeede, as they live well, shall die blessed. But leaving this humor till another time, you may see by our early rising, how my wife and I were delighted with your euening's parle: for trust me sir, desire of Francescoes further fortunes, made vs thus watchful, and therefore seeing the morning is gray, and our longing great, and yet a good while to breakfast, if your leisure may afford so much, I pray you sitte downe and tell vs what was the end of his loues, and the effects of his repentance. The Palmer very willing to pleasure his courteous Host, satte him downe in an Arbour, and began thus.

The Palmers tale of Francescō.

AS Loue as Francescō awak't from his slumber, and began to enter further into the consideration of Isidas counsellage, his heart thrubb'd at his follies, and a present passion of his great misfortunes to payned him, that all perplexed, he began againe to sing his former song, and to say that womens thoughts were like to the leaues of a date tree, that change colozs with the wind in a moment, figuring out sorrow with teares, and in that instant deciphering pleasure with smiles: neither too resolute with the Stoicks to yield to no passions, nor too absolute with the Esseni to surfet with ouermuch chastity: their desires (quoth he) resemble Æolus sozehead that next euery storme containes a calme: their deedes are Almanacks that decipher nothing but vncertaintie: either too scrupulous with Daphne to condemne all, or too voluptuous with Venus to desire all, and fraight, neither flesh nor fish as the porpoise, but time pleasers, to content thesclues with varietie of fancies. In this humorous melancholy he rose by & ranged about the city, despairing of his estate as a man penilesse and therefore impatient, because he knew not how to redresse his miserie: to rely vpon the help of a Curtizan, he saw by experience, was to hang hope in the ayre: to stand vpon the fauour of friends, that was bootlesse: so he had felo in the City, as being but a stranger there, & such as he had, were won with an Apple;

trencher friends, & therefore to be left with the puffe of the least blast of aduersities. To go home to his wife to faire Isabel, that was as hard a censure as the sentence of death: for shame of his follies made him ashamed to shew his face to a womans of so high deserts. In this perplexitie he passed ouer thre or foure daies, til his purse was cleane empty, his score great, & his hostesse would trust him for no more money, but threatned him, if present payment were not made, to lay him in prison. This newes was hard to Francisco, that knew not how to auoyd the preiudice, only his refuge was to preuent such a misfortune to carry his apparell to the brokers, & with great losse to make money to pay for his diet; which once discharged, he walkt by & downe as a man forlorne, hauing neither coine nor credit. Necessity that stingeth vnto the quick, made him set his wits on the tenter, & to stretch his brains as high as Ela, to see how he could recouer pence to defray his charges by any sinisser meanes, to salue his sorrowes: the care of his parents and of his owne honor, perswading him from making gaine by laboꝝ: he had neuer bin brought by to any mechanicall course of life. Thus euery way destitute of means to liue, he sighed out this olde said sawe, *Miserimum est fuisse beatum*: yet at last, as extremities search very far, he called to mind that he was a scholler, and that although in these daies Art wanted honor, & learning lackt his due, yet good letters were not brought to so lowe an ebbe, but that there might some profit arise by them to procure his maintenance. In this humoꝝ he fell in amongst a company of players, who perswaded him to try his wit, in writing of Comedies, Tragedies, or Pastorals: and if he could performe any thing worth the stage, then they would largely rewarde him for his paines. Francisco glad of this motion, seeing a meanes to mitigate the extremity of his want, thought it no dishonor to make gaine of his wit, or to get profit by his pen: and therefore getting him home to his chamber, writ a Comedy, which so generally pleased all the audience, that happy were those Actors in short time, that could get any of his workes. he grew so exquisite in that facultie. By this meane his want was relieued, his credit in his hosts house recouered, his apparell in greater bauerie then it was, and his purse well lined with crownes.

At this discourse of Francisco, the Gentleman toke his guest by

by the hand, and broke off his tale thus. Now gentle Palmer, seeing we are fallen by course of prattle to parle of playes, if without offence, doe me that fauour to shew me your iudgement of playes, play-makers, & players. Although (quoth the Palmer) that some for being too lanish against that faculty, haue for their satyricall inuectiues bin wel canuased: yet seeing here is none but our selues, & that I hope what you heare shall be trodden vnder foote, I will flatly say what I can, both euen by reading, and experience. The inuention of Comedies were first found amongst the Greeks, and practised at Athens: some thinke by Menander, whome Terence so highly commends in his *Heauton-timorura* non. The reason was, that vnder the couert of such pleasant, & Comicall euents, they apined at the ouerthrow of many vauities that then reigned in the citie: so therein they painted out in the persons the course of the world, how either it was graced with honoz, or discredited with vices: there might you see truely out the vaine life that boasting Thrasos vse, smoothed vp with the selfe conceipt of their owne excellence; the miserable estate of duectors parents that rather let their sons taste of any misfortune, than to reueue them with the superfluity of their wealth: the portraiture of parasitical friends, which with yong Gentlemen subtilly in their follies, as long as they may: *Ex eorum full p. vniere*, was set out in liuely colours. In those Comedies the abuse of Wabods that made sale of honest virgins, and liued by the spoyle of womens honozs, was deeply discovered; to be short, Lechery, Couetousnes, Pride, self-loue, disobedience of Parents, and such vices predominant both in age and youth were shot at, not only with examples & instances to faze the eye, but with golden sentences of morall woorkes, to please the eare. Thus did Menander win honoz in Greece with his woorkes, and reclaime both old and yong from their vauities by the pleasant effects of his Comedies. After him this faculty grew to be famous in Rome, practised by Plautus, Terence, and other that excelled in this qualitey: all apining as Menander did, in all their woorkes to suppress vice, & aduance vertue. Now so highly were Comedies esteemed in those daies, that men of great honoz & graue account were the Actors, the Senate and the consuls continually present, as auditors at all such sports, rewarding the Authoz with rich rewards, according to

to the excellencie of the Comedie. Thus continued this faculty famous till couetousnesse crept into the qualitie, and that meane mer greedy of gaines did fall to practise the acting of such plaies, and in the Theatre presented their Comedies: but to such onely as rewarded them well for their paines: when thus Comedians grew to be merrenaries, then men of account left to practise such pastimes; and disdained to haue their honours blemishd with the shame of such base and vile gaues; inso much that both comedies and Tragedies grew to lesse account in Rome, in that the free sight of such sports was taken away by couetous desires; yet the people (who are delighted with such nouelties & pastimes) made great resort, paid largely, & highly applauded their doings, in so much, that the Actors by continuall vse, grew not only excellent, but rich, and insolent. Amongst whom in the daies of Tully, one Roscius grew to be of such exquisite perfection in the faculty, that he offered to contend with the Orators of that time in gesture, as they did in eloquence, boasting that he could expresse a passion in as many sundry actions, as Tully could discourse it in variety of phrases: yea so praisd he grew by the daily applause of people; that he looked for honoz and reuerence to be done him in the streets: which selfe conceit when Tully entred into with a piercing insight, he quipt at in this manner.

It chanced that Roscius and he met at dinner, both guests vnto Archias the Poet, where the proud Comedian dared to make comparison with Tully: which insolence made the learned Orator to grow into these teames: why Roscius art thou proud with Elops Crow, being praisd with the glory of others feathers: of thy selfe thou canst say nothing, & if the crowler hath taught thee to say, Aue Cesar, disdain not thy tutor because thou pratest in a kings chamber: what sentence thou utterest on the stage, flows from the censure of our wits, and what sentence or conceit of thy invention the people applaud for excellent, that comes from the secrets of our knowledge. I grant your action, though it be a kinde of mechanical labour, yet well done tis worthy of praise: but you worthlesse, if for so small a toy you were praisd. At this Roscius wart red, and beloyred his imperfection with silence: but this checke of Tully, could not keepe others from the blemish of that fault, for it grew to a generall vice among the Actors, to excell

eruel in pride, as they exceeded in excellencie, & to bzaue it in the streets, as they bzag it on the stage: so that they reuel'd it in Rome in such costly robes, that they seemed rather men of great patri-
monte, then such as liued by the fauor of the people. Which Pub-
lius Serrilius very well noted, for he being the sonne of a Sena-
tor, and a man very valiant, met on a day with a Player in the
streets richly apparell'd, who so farre forgot himselfe, that he
tooke the wall of the young noble man; which Serrilius taking
in disdaine, countercheekt with this frump: my friend (quoth he)
be not so bzag of thy silken robes, for I saw them but yester day
make a great shew in a brokers shop. At this the one was asha-
med, and the other smild, and they which heard the quip, laught
at the folly of the one, and the wit of the other. Thus sir haue you
heard my opinion briefly of playes, that Menander deni'd them
for the suppressing of vanities, necessary in a common wealth, as
long as they are vsed in their right kind: the playmakers worthy
of honour for their Art: and players, men deseruing both praise
and profite, as long as they war neither couetous, nor insolent. I
haue caused you sir (quoth the gentleman) to make a large digres-
sion, but you haue resolued me in a matter that I long doubted
of, and therefore I pray you, againe to Francesco. Why then thus
quoth the Palmer, after he grew excellent for making of Come-
dies, he wart not onely bzaue, but full of Crownes: which Infida
hearing of, & hauing intelligence what course of life he did take,
thought to cast forth her lure to reclaime him, though by her un-
kindnes he was proued haggard: for she thought that Francesco
was such a tame fowle, that he would be brought to strike at any
fale, decking her selfe therefore as gorgeously as she could, pain-
ting her face with the choice of all her drugs, she walked abroad
where she thought Francesco vsed to take the aire: Loue & For-
tune ioyning in league, so fauored her, that according to her de-
sire she met him. At which incounter, I gesse, more for shame the
loue, she blisht: and fild her countenance with such repentant re-
moise (yet hauing her lokes full of amorous glaunces) that she
seemed like Venus, reconciling her selfe to froward Mars. The
sight of Infida was pleasing in the sight of Francesco, and almost
as deadly as the Basiliske: that had he not had about him Moly
as Vlysses, he had bene enchanted by the charmes of that wily

Circes: but the abuse so stuck in his stomack that she had proferd him in his extremitie, that he returned all her glaunces with a frowne, and so parted. Infida was not amated with his angry mode, as one that thought loues fornaice of force to heat the coldest Amatisst, and the sweet words of a woman as able to draw on desire, as the Syrens melody the passengers. What (quoth she) though for a while he be cholerick, Beauty is able to quench the flame, as it sets harts on fire: as Helens faults angered Paris, so her fauours pleased Paris: though she were false to Menelaus, yet her faire made him brooke her follies: Women are priuiledged to haue their words & their wils, and whom they kil with a frowne, they can reuine with a smile. Tush Francesco, is not froward, but he may be wonne, he is no Saturnist to beare anger long, hee is sone hot, and sone cold, cholerick and kind harted: who though he be scolded away with bitter wordes, hee will be reclaimed againe with sweet kisses: a womans teares are Adamant, and men are no harder then Iron, and therefore may bee drawne to pittie their passions. I wil saue, flatter, and what not, to get againe my Francesco: for his purse is full, & my coffers war empty. In this humoꝝ taking pen and paper, she wrot a letter to him to this effect.

*Infida to Francesco what he wants in health
or wealth.*

If my outward penance (Francesco) could discouer my inward passions, my sighs bewray my sorowes, or my countenance my miseries, then should I looke the most desolate of all, as I am most distressed of all, and the furrows in my face be numberlesse, as thy griefes of my hart are matchlesse. But as the feathers of the Halciones glister most against the sorest storme, and Nylus is most calme against a deluge, so the sorowes of my mind are so great, that they smother inwardly, though they make no outward appearance of mishap. All these miseries Francesco grow fro the consideration of mine own discourtesie, for when I thinke of thy constancy, thy faith, thy seature, & thy beauty: and weigh with my selfe how all these vowed vnto Infida, they were lost by the disloyalty of Infida, I call it in question, whether I had better despayre and die, or in hope of thy fauour, linger out my life. Penance of free will, merits pardons of course, and griefs that grow from re-
moꝝ 8

moſt deſerue to be ſalued with ruth: I confeſſe Franceſco, that I
 wronged thee, & therfore I am wrong at the hart: but ſo doth the
 Idea of thy perfection, and the excellence of thy vertues frame a
 reſtleſſe paſſion in my heart, that although thou ſhouldeſt bow to
 loath me, I cannot ceaſe to loue thee. Oh, conſider women haue
 their faults, & act that in an houre, they repent all their life after.
 Though Mars & Venus bzabed, they were friends after bzawls,
 for a Louers iarre ought not to be a perpetual diſcord, but like a
 ſun ſhine ſhower, that be it neuer ſo ſharp, is accounted no ſtorm:
 forgiue & forget Franceſco then hartily, that I repent ſo deeply:
 grace thy Infida againe with one ſmile, eaſe her impatient paſſi-
 ons with thy ſweet preſence: & aſſure thy ſelf the wil ſatiſſie with
 loue, what ſhe hath offended with folly. Bones that are broke, &
 after ſet againe, are the moze ſtronger: Where the Birch tree is
 cut, there it growes moſt hard: reconciled friendſhip is the ſweeteſt
 amity. When be friends with thy Infida: looke on her, & but
 viſit her: and if ſhe win not thy loue with her words, & ſhew her
 ſelfe ſo penitent that thou ſhalt pardon, then let her periſh in her
 owne miſſortunes, and die for want of thy fauour. Farewel.

Thine euer deſpairing Infida.

This letter ſhe ſealed vp, and ſent it by a ſecret friend to Franceſco, who at the firſt, knowing from whence it came, would ſcarcelly receive it: yet at laſt willing to heare what humi-
 ur had made the Curtizan write vnto him, he broke ope the ſcales, and
 read the former contents: which when he had thoroughly peruſed,
 he found himſelfe perplexed: for the cunning of her flattery made
 the poore man paſſionate, inſomuch that ſitting downe with the
 letter in his hand, he began thus to meditate with himſelf: Why
 doeſt thou vouchſafe Franceſco to looke on her letters that is ſo
 lewd, to view her lines that are powdred with flattery, to heare
 her charmes that ſakes thy preiudice, to liſſen to ſuch a Calipſo
 that aimes only at thy ſubſtance, not at thy perſon?

While thou wert poore, her forehead was ful of frownes, & in
 her locks ſat the ſtorms of diſdain: but when ſhe ſees thou haſt ſea-
 thered thy neſt, and haſt crowns in thy purſe, ſhe would play the
 Hoſe-leach to ſuck away thy wealth: and now would ſhe be thy
 harts gold, while ſhe leſt thee not one dram of gold. Oh Franceſco

co, she hides her claws, but looks for her prey with the Tyger, she wapes with the Crocodile, and smiles with the Viena, and flatters with the Panther, and vnder the couert of a sugred bait, shrowdes the intent of thy bane. Knowest thou not that as the Marble drops against rayne, so their teares fore point mischiefe, that the fauours of a Curtizan are like the songs of the Gashopper, that euer foretell some fatall disparagement.

Beware then Frances. (*Piscator ictus sapit*) she hath once burnt thee, feare fire with the child, she hath cross thee with disdain, couet not with desire: hate her: for in lothing such a one thou louest thy God. Return not with the dog to thy vomit, wallow not with swine in the mire, forseeke not the best, and follow the worst. And yet Francesco, trust me, she is faire, beautiful, and wise: I but with that a Curtizan: perhaps she wil now loue thee faithfully, if she do, fond man, is not her hartie liking hatefull lust: dangerous to the body, and damnation to the soule. Tis a saying not so common as true, that he which looketh continually against the Sun, shall at last be blind, that whoso handleth pitch, must needs be defiled, the tree that abideth many blasse, at last falleth by the Carpenters axe, the bird that striketh at euery scale, can not long escape the snare, so long goeth the pitcher to the broke, that at last it comes broken home: and he that secretly swimmeth in sinne, shall surely be drowned in iniquity, who so bindeth two kimes together, shall neuer be reuenged in the one, and he that delighteth to offend in youth, shall no doubt feele the punishment.

Quod differitur non auferitur. Though God for a time suffer a man to wallow in his own wickednesse, & to say vnto his soule, Tush, the Lord regardeth not the way of sinners, nor suspecteth the misdeeds of men, he is slow to wrath, & prone to pittie, yet the Lord at last looketh down from heauen, and reuengeth al his grievous sins with a heauie plague, yea he rooteth him out from the face of the earth, and his place is no more scene. Consider then Francesco, if the Lord suffer thee in thine iniquity, and deferre present punishment, it is because thy mercy may seeme the more, and thy sin the greater. He that hath the droppe, drinketh while he bursteth, and yet not satisfied: the Horse-leach hath two daughters that neuer cry, enough: who so is stung with the serpent Diulas, burneth, but can neuer be cooled; and whoso is inflamed with sin, thirsteth

thirsteth continually after wickednes, vntill he hath supped the
 dzegs of Gods displeasure, to his owne destruction. Beware by
 this, fall not into the trap, when thou seest the traine: for know-
 ing the sinne, if thou offendest against thy owne conscience, the
 Lord will send vpon thee, cursing, trouble, and shame in all thou
 settest thy hand vnto, and will not cease to reuenge, vntill thou
 perish from off the face of the earth. Oh, hast thou not at home an
 Isabell, that is the wife of thy youth, and the only friend of thy bo-
 some, indued with such exquisite beauty, & exceeding vertue, that
 it is hard to iudge, whether the pure complexion of her body, or
 the perfect constitution of her mind holds the supremacy? And is
 not a peaceable woman and of a good heart, the gift of the Lord?
 There is nothing so much worth, as a woman well instructed, a
 shamefast and faithfull woman is a double grace: and there is no
 treasure to be compared to her continent mind: but as the glis-
 tering beames of the sunne when it riseth, decketh the heauen: so
 the beauty of a good wife adorneth the house: and as golde pillars
 do shine vpon the sockets of siluer, so doth a faire face in a vertu-
 ous minde. Shal the feare of God then Francesco be so farre from
 thine eyes, as to leaue thy own wife, and embrace a Curtisan, to
 leaue the law of God, and suffer thy heart to be subuerted by lust?
 The Lyon so abhorreth this crime, as he killeth the Iponesse, for
 committing this fact. The Storke neuer medleth but with his
 mate. The Iacinth floure wil not be worne on the finger of an a-
 dulterer, nor the Oliue grow, if planted by one that leadeth his
 life in vnlawfull lusts: and wilt thou shew thy selfe more careles
 in this crime than brute beasts: more retchlesse then vnreaso-
 nable creatures: more sencelesse than stones: yea far lesse in ver-
 tue than a man: and far more in vice than a beast? Then will the
 Lord look down from heauen, and plague thee with a heauy curse.
 At this clause standing a great while in a maze, at the last hee
 slept to his standish, and wrote this answer.

Francesco wiseth to Infida, remorse of conscience,
 and regard of honesty.

I Haue read thy letters Infida, wherein I hoped to haue found
 more honesty and lesse vanity, a signe of better thoughts and
 lines of more remorse: else had I left them sealed, as I conet to
 leaue thee vnseene. But I perceiue, as no time wil alter the pan-

ther from his spots, the mouse from her feare, nor the tigre from his fiercenes: so neither date nor reason will change the conditions of a Curtizan. Thou wilst thou hast not liberty enough to sin, enioyned by some ouerthwart neighbour to bee more honest than thou wouldest be; which is as great penance to one of thy trade, as a long pilgrimage to a sorrowfull Pilmer. A teare in a strumpets eye, is like heate drops in a bright sunshine: as much to be pittied, as the Crocodile when she weeps: a Curtizans laughter is like to lightning, that beautifies the heauen with a blaze, but fozeruns stormes and thunder. Art thou in loue with Francesco? marry gepp Gilet, thy loue sits on thy tongs end, ready to leape off as soon as thy mouth opens, and thine honesty hangs at thine eye, which falls away with every winke: thou art inueigled with my beautie, that is, because thou hearest I haue a rich purse, not a faire face: for thou valuest as much of beauty without pence as a horse of a faire stable without prouender. Thou art entised by my vertues: I wonder how that word vertue comes in thy mouth, when is it so farre from thy hart; and yet no maruel, for the most infectious serpents haue swetest breaths, and commonest Curtizans, the most curteous speeches.

Thou wouldest haue me grace thee with my presence, and renew our old friendship: so I will, when I meane to giue my body to the Chirurgion, and my soule to the diuel; for in louing thee I must needs graunt this Legacy, Thy reason is, that bones once broke, vnited againe, are the strongest: I would thy necke might make the experience, and then I would trust the instance. But why pester I so much paper to so lewd a person: as I found thee at the first, I leaue thee at the last, euen empty gozd to bait at a full purse, incontinent, false, periured, as far from God, as thou art friend to the diuell. And so adue.

Francesco penitent, and therefore a persecutor to Curtizans.

After he had written this letter, he sent it to Infida, who reading it, and seeing she could get no fauour at the hands of Francesco: that wrought she neuer so subtilly, yet her trains were discovered, that her painted lures could not make him stop, so had he with reason refelled his former folly: when she perceiued I say) that all her sweet potions were found to be poisons, though she

He couered them neuer so clarkly : she fel not in despaire, with o' uermuch loue, but swoze in her self to intend him some secret pre' iudice, if euer it lay in her by any meanes to procure it : but lea- uing her to the iustice of him that posselt the deeds of such impe- nitent persons in his ballance, and committing Francesco to the making of some strange Comedy, I will shew you how Fortune made an assault to the unfained affection of faire Isabell.

The discourse of *Isabells* Fortunes.

I Sabell liuing thus pensiue, in that she wanted the presence of Francesco, yet for her patience and vertue, grew so famous, that all Caerbranke talked of her perfections : her beautie was admired of euery eye, her qualities applauded in euery mans eare, that she was esteemed for a patterne of vertuous excellencs throughout the whole Citty. Amongst the rest that censured of her curious fauors, there was one Signior Bernardo, a Burgo- master of the Citty, who chancing on a time to passe by the doze where Isabell sojourned, seeing so sweet a Saint, began to fall en- amoured of so faire an object : and although he was olde, yet the fire of lust crept into his eyes, and so inflamed his heart, as with a disordinate desire he began to affect her : but the renowne of her chastity was such, that it almost quatted those sparks that heated him on to such lawlesse affection. But yet when he call'd to mind that want was a great stumbling blocke, and sawe the necessitie that Isabell was in, by the absence of Francesco, he thought golde would be a ready meanes to gaine a womans good wil, and there- fore despaired not of obtaining his purpose. After that this Sig- nior Bernardo had obserued the exquisite perfection of her body, & how she was adozned with most speciall gifts of nature, he was so snared with the setters of lasciuious concupiscence, as reason could not redresse what lust had ingrafted : his aged yeres yel- ded vnto vanity, so he turned away his mind from God, not da- ring to lift by his eies to heauen, lest it should be a witnesse of his wickednes, or a corraius to his guilty conscience : for the remem- brance of God is a terro: to the vnrighteous, and the sight of his creatures is a sting to the minde of the reprobate. He therefore feeling his diuellish heart to be perplered with such hellish passi- ons, carelessly cast off the feare of God from before his eies, nei- ther remembryng that he was an Elder to giue god counfel, nor:

a Iudge:

a Judge in the city, to minnister right: his hoary haire could not hale him from sinne, nor his calling conuert him from filthinesse, but he greedily drunk vp the dregs of vnrightheousnesse, and carefully busted his braines to oppresse the simple, and to obtaine his purpose, layd his plot thus. Being the chiefe Burgomaister in all the citty, he determined to make a priuy search for some suspected person: and being maister of the watch himseife, to go by into her chamber, and there to discouer the depth of his desire, so he thought to ioyne loue and oportunitie in one vnion, and with his office and his age, to wipe out all suspicion. Age is a crowne of glozy when it is adorneed with righteousnesse, but the dregs of dishonour when it is mingled with mischiefe: for honourable age consisteth not in the terme of yeares, nor is not measured by the date of a mans daies, but godly wisdom, is the gray haire, and an undefiled life is the old age. The Verbegrace the older it is, the ranker smell it hath: the Sea-star is most blacke being old: the Eagle the more yeeres, the more crooked is her bil: and the greater age in wicked men, the more vnrightheousnesse: which this Segnior Bernardo tried true: for desire made him hate delay, and therefore within two or three nights, picking out a watch answerable to his wish, he himseife (as if it had bin some matter of great import) went abroad, and to colour his folly with the better shadow, he searched diuers houses, & at last came to the place where *Isabell* lay, charging the Host to rise and to shew him her chamber, for (quoth he) I must confer with her of most secret affaires. The godman of the house obeyed willingly, as one that held Bernardo in great reuerence, and brought him and the watch to the chamber doore. Bernardo taking a candle in his hand, bade them all depart, till he had talked with the Gentlewoman; which they did: and hee entring in shutting the doore, found her fast asleep, which sight draue the old Lecher into a maze: for there seeing nature in her pride, lust inueagled him the more, that he sate on the bed side a great while biewing of her beauty: at last starting vp, he awakht her out of a sweet slumber. *Isabell* looking vp, and seeing one of the Burgomaisters in the Chamber, (for Bernardo was knowne for his granity & wealth of euery one in the Citty) she was amazed, yet gathering her wits together, rayling her by on her pillow, shee did him all the dutifull reuerence shee might

might, wondering what wind should driue him into that place: at last the old Churle began to assaile her thus.

Bernardoes discourse to Isabell.

BE not amazed (faire Gentlewoman) to see me thus sodainly and secretly arrined, neither let my presence appall your senses: for I come not cruelly as a foe, but courteouslie as a friend. If my coming seeme strange, the cause is as straight; & where necessity forceth, there it is hard to strine against the streame; he that seeketh to sway against his owne will, oftentimes kickeeth against the prick: and he that strineth to withstand loue, toppeth against the hill. These things considered (Mistris Isabell) if I offend in being too bold, your beauty shall beare the blame, as the onely cause of this enterpryse: for to omit all circumstances, & to come to the matter. So it is, that since first mine eye fed of your sweet sauer, I haue bene so perplered with the passions of loue, & haue bene so deeply drownded in the desire of your person, that there is no torment so terrible, no paine so pinching, no woe so grievous, as the griefe that hath griped me since I burnt in loue of your sweet selfe: sith therefore my liking is such, let my liking be repaide again with loue, let my firme fancy be requited with mutual affection, and in lieu of my good wil, consent vnto me and be my Paramour. That sin which is secretly committed, is half pardoned, shee liueth chastly enough that liueth charily. The chamber dore is shut, no man either can detect vs of any crime, or dare suspect vs of any folly. The credit which I carry in the City shall be sufficient to shrowde you from shame: my office will be able to defend you from mistrust, & my gray haire a pumice stone to race out all suspicion, and by this small offence (Isabell) thou shalt both content mee, and purchase to thy selfe such a dutifull friend, as in al seruice thou maist command, not onely ready to countenance thee with his credit, but to furnish all thy wants with his coyne: for what treasure and gold I haue, shall be thine to vse. Isabell hearing this subtile serpent to breathe out such wily reasons, wondering to see a man of his calling so blinded with the baile of lasciuious lust, as to blaspheme so diuellishly against his owne conscience, insomuch, that for a good space she sate astonished, vntil at last gathering her wits together, she burst forth in-

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to these speeches.

Isabels reply to Bernardo.

TAs a saying (Signior Bernardo) both old and true, that whoso sinneth against his Conscience, sinneth against his owne soule: and he that knoweth the law, and wilfully disobeyeth, is worthy to be beaten with many stripes: which sentence of holie writ I wish you to consider, and it will be a sufficient cooling carde to your inordinate desire. Hath God placed you as a Burgomaster of this City, and so a Iudge ouer his people to punish sinne, and wil you maintaine wickednesse? Is it your office to uphold the Law, and wil you destroy it? Nay, are you commanded to cut off this sinne with infamie, and yet will you perswade a woman to defile her husbands bed? Is it your duty to drine vs from all uncleane lust, and will you draw me to such folly? Is this the office of a Burgomaster: or besemeth such thoughts to the minde of an Elder: both the summons of death appeare in your gray head, & yet fleshy desires reigne in your heart: Doth thine old age impart a clere conscience, and your inward appetite fraught with concupiscence? Oh how pleasant a thing is it where greyheaded men minister iudgement, and the Elders can giue good counsell: but how perilous a thing is it for the Ruler to be vnrighteous, or the Iudge of the people to delight in sinne? Such a man shall haue coales heaped vpon his head, & the wrath of the Lord shall consume his heritage. These sortes of men the Lord hates, and he utterly abhors the life of them, a worse man that is proud, a rich man that is a liar, and an old adulterer that doats, and is vnhaste. Hast thou then (Signior Bernardo) sold thy selfe vnto sinne, and sworne to worke wickednes, that thou wilt prefer fading pleasure before lasting paine: and for the fulfilling of thy filthy lust, purchase perpetuall damnation? But put case I were so carelesse of mine honoz and honesty, to yelde to thy request, should not thy selfe be a witnesse of my disloyaltie? woulde not mine owne workes crie out for vengeance to plague my wickednesse: yes, no doubt, after thou hast glutted thy fancy with the loathomnesse of the sinne, and the spirit of man had toucht thy heart with the pricke of the offence, thou wouldest both detest me as a mirror of immodesty, and account me for euer as a common harlot: for the Lord suffereth not the wicked
to

to goe unrewarded . She (saith the Wiseman) thats common,
and not content in her loue, yelding that which is praeer to her
husband into the possession of an other man , disobeys the Law,
makes breach of her plighted troth, and lastly, playes the whoore
in most hellish adultery : her children shall not take roote, nor her
branches bring forth no fruit, her name shall be forgotten. And
shall I then, knowing this, wilfully worke mine owne woes?

Shall I repay the troth my husband reposes in me , with
such trechery? Shall such guileful discurtesie be a guerdon for his
good will? No, the feare of God is a foztresse against such fellie:
the loue that I beare to my husband, is a shield to fence me from
such shamelesse fancy: and the care of mine owne honoꝝ is a con-
serue against such lawlesse concupiscence. Whereas you say that
sinne secretly committed is halfe pardoned, & that she lineth ca-
se that lueth canie: that the chamber doore is shut , that no man
can espie our follie, and the place so secret that the offence cannot
be preiudiciall to my god name, I answer, that I more esteeme
the wrath of God , than the words of men : that I dread more to
commit such a fact before the sight of the Almighty, then before
the eies of all the world.

Man iudgeth but the body, but God the soul: the one being but
a small pinch, the other a perpetual paine. He that breaketh wed-
locke, and thinketh thus in his heart , who seeth me? the misty
clouds haue couered me, and I am compassed about with a fog,
of darknes: my offence shall not be an obiect to any mans eyes,
neither can my doing be discerned, for I am shrowded within the
wals , whom narde I to feare : and as for the Lord he is merci-
full , and will not remember any mans sinnes : he is slow unto
wrath, and promisseth speedily to pardon the faults of the wicked:
Such a one as feareth more the eye of mortal man than the sight
of an immortal God, and knoweth not that the looks of the Lord
are ten thousand times brighter then the beames of the sunne,
beholding the very thoughts of men , and searching the hart and
the reins, the same man shall be punished with earthly plagues,
he shall sodainely be taken in his owne trap , and shall fall before
the face of every man, because he preferred his owne pleasure be-
fore the feare of the Lord . But alas, it is unfit for the young
fawn to lead the old buck: for a blind man to be guide to him that
hath

hath his sight : and as vnmete for a simple woman to instruct a Burgomaister and Elder of the Citty . As it my part to erhozt you vnto vertue , or rather , is it not your dutie to perswade me from vice : but I hope this proffer is but a tryall to make pzoofe of mine honestie , and to lifte out my secret intent : if other wise , your will and your wordes be one , cease your suite , for you may long gape , and yet neuer gaine that you loke for . Signior Bernardo hearing Isabell so cunningly to confute his conclusiue arguments , seeing she had infringed their reasons by the power of the law , thought to wrest her vpon a higher pinne , and to lay such a blot in her way , as she should hardly wipe out : for although he knew she did rightly refel his folly , & partly perceiued her counsaile cooled the extreme of his desires , yet the feare of God was so far from him , that he prosecuted his intent thus .

Seignior Bernardoes answer to Isabels reply .

Why Isabel (said he) thinkest thou thy painted speeches , or thy hard denials shall preuaile against my pretended purpose : No , he is a coward that yelds at the first shote , and he not wozthy to weare the bud of beauty that is daunted with the first repulse . I haue the tre in my hand , & mean to inoy the fruit ; I haue beaten the bush , and now will not let the birds flie , & sith I haue you here alone , your sterne lookes shall stand for no sterling : but if you consent , be assured of a most trusty friend , if not , hope for no other hap but open infamy . For thou knowst Isabel , that a womans chiefe treasure is her good name , and that thee which hath crackt her credite is halfe hanged , for death cuts off all miseries , but discredite is the beginning of all sorowes .

Sith then infamy is worse than losse of life , assure thy selfe , I will King thee to the quick , for I wil presently send thee to prison , and cause some ruffin in the city to sweare , that since the absence of thy husband Francesco , he hath laine with thee , and for coyne vsed thee as his concubine : so shall I blemish thine honour : tie thee to some open punishment , and make thee a laughing stocke to the world , odious to thy friends , and to liue hated of thy husband : mine office and authority , my age and honour shall shadow my pretence , and helpe greatly to frame thy preiudice . Seeing then (faire Isabel) thou shalt by consent keepe the report of thy chastity , and by deniall gaine shame and reproch , shew thy selfe

selfe a wise woman, and of two evils chuse the least.

Isabel hearing the mischieuous pretence of this subtil sletcher, and seeing he had so cunningly laide the snare that shee could not auoyd the trap, but either she must incur the danger of the body, or the destruction of the soule, was so diuine into such a passionat dilemma, that she burst forth into teares, sighs, & plaints, which she blubbez forth on this wise. Alas (said she) most vile & vniust wretch, is the feare of God so farre from thy mind, that thou seekest, not onely to sacke mine honoz, but to sucke my blood? Is it not iniury enough that thou seekest to spoyle my honesty, but that you long to spil my life: hath thy sweet loue pretended such bitter taste? Is this the fruit of your fained fancie? No doubt the cause must be pernicious when the effect is so pestilent. Flatter not your selfe in this thy folly, no: sooth not thy thoughts in thy sins, for there is a God that seeth and will reuenge, and hath promised that whoso binds two sins together, shall not be unpunished in the one. But what auaieth it to talke of wisdom to a foole: or of the wrath of God to a wilfull reprobate: The Charmer charme he neuer so wisely, charmes in vaine, if the Adder be deafe: and he casteth stones against the winde that seeks to draw the wicked from their folly: let me therefore (poore soule) more narrowly consider mine owne case, I am perplexed with many doubtful passions, and greiuous troubles assaile me on euery side. If I commit this crime, though neuer so secretly, yet the Lord is *Cardiognoster*, & pierceth into the very thoughts, and mine owne conscience will be a continuall witnesse against me of this wickednes: *Stipendium peccati mors*: then what other hap can I hope for, but perpetuall damnation, sith God himselfe hath promised to be a swift witnesse against all wilfull adulterers: If I consent not vnto this vnrighteous wretch, I am like to be vniustly accused of the like crime, and so shall I, being guiltlesse, haue my honoz euer blemisht with infamy. By this meanes, what a discredite shall I bring to my parents, to my husband, and my children: the hoary haire of my Father shall be brought with sorrow vnto the graue, Francisco shall be ashamed to see his face in the streets of the Cittie, and my poore babes shall be counted as the seede of an harlot, and yet alas I my selfe altogether faultlesse. Why, my secret offence shall preuent all this open shame:

The second part.

The Lord is slow to wrath, and his mercy exceeds all his works:
Hee witheth not the death of a sinner: and hearty repentance pa-
cifieth his displeasure. But O vile wretch that I am, why do I
blaspheme thus against the Lord & his law? Why do I breathe
out these hellish speeches: can I say, I will repent at my pleasure?
O shal I therefore sinne, in hope, because the Lord is merciful?
No, no, it is better for me to fall into thy hands, and not commit
the offence, then to sinne in the sight of the Lord. Shal I not ra-
ther feare God than man: and dread him more that killeth both
soule and body, than him that hath power to kil the body onely:
Yet his feare shall bee thy defence. And with that she raised her
selfe vp, spitted in his face, wishing him to doe his worst: wher-
vpon he called by the watch, and commaunded her to make her
ready, for she should to prison. Her holt wondering what the cause
should bee, as a man priuie to her actions, and the vertue of her
life, would haue giuen his word for her, that she should the next
day answers whatsoever should bee objected against her: but his
word would not be taken, for Bernardo was full of fury, and car-
ried her away to prison: where deeply grieved, & yet smothering
her sorrow with patience, she lay the rest of the night: the next
morrow, as sone as the day brake, she cald for pen and incke, and
wrot this mournfull Sonnet.

Isabels Sonnet that she made in prison.

Veritas non querit angulos.

No storme so sharpe to rend the little Reede,
For sild it breakes, though euery way it bend.
The fire may heat, but not consume the flint,
The gold in furnace purer is indeede.
Report that sild to honor is a friend,
May many lies against true meaning mint:
But yet at last,
Gainst flanders blash,
Truth doth the sily faultlesse soule defend.

Though false reproach seekes honor to distaine,
And enuy bites the bud though neere so pure:

Though

Though lust doth seeke to blemish chaste desire,
Yet truth that brookes not falshoods slanderous staine,
Nor can the spite of enuies wrath endure
Wil trie true loue from lust in iustice fire,

And maugre all,
Will free from thrall

The guiltlesse soule that sets his footing sure.

Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,
And guilt cannot approach the honest minde:
Where chaste intent is free from any misse,
Though enuy strue, yet searching Time,
With piercing insight wil the truth out finde,
And make discouery who the guiltie is,

For time still tries

The truth from lies:

And God makes open what the world doth blind.

Veritas temporis filia.

Isabel wetting her Senet with teares, and pronouncing euery line with a sigh, sate in a dump. Whilst the same of this fact was spread abroad throughout all Caerbrancke, euerie man beganne sundry coniectures, as affection led them: her friends sorrowing, suspected the rankred mind of the Burgomaster: yet for his calling durst not discouer their suspition: her foes laughing, saide, that dissembled holines was a doubled sin, that the holiest countenance hath not alwayes the honestest conscience: both friend and foe notwithstanding wondring at the strange chance, seeing her outward actions did manifest so many vertues. Well, to be brieue, Signior Bernardo assembled the other Burgomasters of the towne into the common Hall, sent for Isabel thither: at whose comming (as the nature of man is desirous of nouelties) a great prease of people was present to heare the matter thoroughly canuassed. When Isabel was thus brought befoze the barre, Signior Bernardo (who had suborned a yong man in the citie solemnly to depose that hee had laine with Isabell) beganne his inuectiue thus. I am soz (grane citizens, and inhabitants of Caerbrancke) that this day I come to accuse Isabell, whose vertues hitherto

haue

haue wonne her many fauours, and the outward shew of her good qualities haue bin highly applauded of all men: but my conscience constraimes me, not to conceale such hainous sinne, nor to smother by so great an offence without rebuke. I am one of the Iudges and Elders of the people, appointed by almighty God, chosen by the multitude, and constrained by the law, to haue no respect of persons, neither too be to rigorous to my foe, nor too partial to my friend: but with the ballance of equitie to measure man according to his merit, and with the sword of iustice to uphold vertue, and beate downe vice. This considered, I am forced to discouer a wicked deede that this Isabell hath committed, and that is this.

This young man here present, for a certaine summe of money compounded to lie with Isabell, and for pence had his pleasure on her: shee alluring him with such willie amozets of a Curtizan, that in her company hee hath consumed all his substance: The young mans friends seeing his folly, and that no perswasions could dissuade him from affecting her, made complaint vnto me whereupon I examined him, and found him, not only guiltie of the crime, but tractable to be reclaimed from his folly: seeing the (Citizens of Caerbrancke) such a curtizan as this may vnder the colour of holines shrowd much preiudice, and allure many of our youth to mischieses, I thought it my duty to bring her into open infamie that she may be punished for her fault, known for a harlot, and from henceforth liue despised and hated of all. For proufe that she hath liued long in this lewd kind of life, this young man shall here before you all make present deposition: and with that he reacht him a Bible: whereon he sware that hee had long time conuersed dishonestly with Isabell, euer since the departure of her husband. At which oath the people that were Iurours in the cause, beleueing the protestation of Bernardo, and the deposition of the youth, presently found her guiltie: and then Bernardo and the rest of the Burgomasters gaue iudgement, that shee should presently haue some open & seuerer punishment, and after be banished out of the Towne. As soone as Isabel heard the censure, she appeald for no mercy, nor abasht any whit, as one desirous of fauour: but lifting by her eyes to heauen, only said thus. **Q** **G** **O** **D** which seeth the secrets of all harts, and knowest all things before they

they come to passe, which discernest the very inward thoughts and triest the heart and the reins: thou knowest, that because I would not consent vnto the filthy lust of this doting lecher, nor agree by defiling my husbands bed to fulfil his fleshly desires, that he hath flattered me with a crime wherof I was neuer guilty, that he hath produced this young man by a sinister subordination, to periure himselfe in a fault, whereas not so much as in thought I committed such a fact: he hath, to satisfie his malicious mind without cause, deuised this false crime. I confesse O Lord, to be a most grievous offender, & to deserue far greater punishment, but not for this deed. Heare then O Lord my prayer, & let the innocence of my cause plead before thy diuine maiesty: if it be thy wil, preuent his practises, confound his counseles, & let him that hath digged a pit for others, fall into the snare himselfe. Thou hast neuer as yet, O Lord, left the succourlesse without help, but hast deliuered them which feare thee from all aduersity: thou diddest set free Ioseph from the hands of his brethren which sought to spill his blood, & diddest preuent the practises of Saul, intended against thy seruant, David: Elizeus being besieged within Dotham, was not only freed from his foes, but also garded about with a troop of holy Angels: Elias was preserved from the cruelty of Iesabell, and fed with; Ravens. But cheesly in my case, how mightily didst thou shrowd Susanna from the trechery of the two Elders, in raising vp young Daniel to maintaine her right? say, who hath trusted in thy mercy, which hath come to mishap? or who hath put his hope in thee, and hath suffered harme? So, O Lord, if it be thy wil thou canst disclose the deuice of this Signor Bernardo, and unfold the folkes of this false witnesse: helpe then O Lord, for in thee is my trust.

The people hearing the solemne protestations of sorrowfull Iabel, thought she had spoken these words to excuse her fault, but not that she was guiltlesse of the fact: giuing more credite to the reuerend age of Bernardo, and the oath of the young man, countenanced out by the Burgomaister, than to the yong yeares of a simple woman, supposing her speeches were more of custome to cloake her follies, then of conscience to cleere hir of that crime: & they would haue returned her backe againe vnto prison, till the day assigned for her punishment. As she was ready to be carried

haue wonne her many fauours, and the outward shew of her good qualities haue bin highly applauded of all men: but my conscience constraines me, not to conceale such hainous sinne, nor to smother by so great an offence without rebuke. I am one of the Iudges and Elders of the people, appointed by almighty God, chosen by the multitude, and constrained by the law, to haue no respect of persons, neither too be to rigorous to my foe, nor too partial to my friend: but with the ballance of equitie to measure man according to his merit, and with the sword of iustice to uphold vertue, and beate downe vice. This considered, I am forced to discouer a wicked deede that this Isabell hath committed, and that is this.

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they come to passe, which discernest the very inward thoughts and triest the heart and the reins: thou knowest, that because I would not consent vnto the filthy lust of this dotting lecher, nor agré by defiling my husbands bed to fulfil his fleshly desires, that he hath slandered me with a crime wherof I was neuer guilty, that he hath produced this young man by a sinister subordination, to periure himselfe in a fault, whereas not so much as in thought I committed such a fact: he hath, to satisfie his malicious mind without cause, deuised this false crime. I confesse O Lord, to be a most grievous offender, & to deserue far greater punishment, but not for this deed. Heare then O Lord my prayer, & let the innocence of my cause plead before thy diuine maiesty: if it be thy wil, preuent his practises, confound his counsels, & let him that hath digged a pit for others, fall into the snare himselfe. Thou hast neuer as yet, O Lord, left the succourlesse without help, but hast deliuered them which feare thee from all aduersity: thou diddest set free Ioseph from the hands of his brethren which sought to spill his blood, & diddest preuent the practises of Saul, intended against thy seruant, Dauid: Elizeus being besieged within Dotham, was not only freed from his foes, but also garded about with a troop of holy Angels: Elias was preserved from the cruelty of Iesabell, and fed with; Ravens. But cheesly in my case, how mightily didst thou shrowd Susanna from the trechery of the two Elders, in raising vp young Daniel to maintaine her right: say, who hath trusted in thy mercy, which hath come to mishap: or who hath put his hope in thee, and hath suffered harme: So, O Lord, if it be thy wil thou canst disclose the deuice of this Signor Bernardo, and unfold the folkes of this false witnesse: helpe then O Lord, for in thee is my trust.

The people hearing the solemne protestations of sorrowfull Isabel, thought she had spoken these words to excuse her fault, but not that she was guiltlesse of the fact: giuing more credite to the reuerend age of Bernardo, and the oath of the young man, countenanced out by the Burgomaister, than to the yong yeares of a simple woman, supposing her speeches were more of custome to cloake her follies, then of conscience to cleere hir of that crime: & they would haue returned her backe againe vnto prison, till the day assigned for her punishment. As she was ready to be carried

away, he which had accused Isabell start vp as a man lunatique, and cryed out vnto the people thus: I haue sinned, men of Caerbranke, I haue sinned: the thought of my present perurie is a hell to my conscience: for I haue sworne falsly against the innocent, and haue consented to condemne Isabel without a cause: & with that he discovered at the barre holwe Signior Bernardo had suborned him against the Gentlewoman, and how in all his life before he neuer was in her company. Upon which confession of the young man, the Burgomasters examined the matter more effectually, and found that Isabel was clere, chaste, honest, & vertuous, and Bernardo was a doting lecher: whereupon they not only amerced him in a great fine to be payd to Isabel, but put him for euer after from bearing any office in the Citty.

Thus was Isabel deliuered from her enimies, and reckoned more famous for her chastity through all Caerbranke. This strange euent spread abroad through all the Countrey, and as fame flies swift & far, so at last it came to the eares of Francesco: for he sitting in Troynouant at an Ordinarie, amongst other Gentlemen, heard this fortune of Isabel reported at the Table for strange newes by a Gentleman of Caerbranke, who brought in Isabel for a mirrour of chastity, and added this more, that she was married to a Gentleman of ripe wit, good parentage, and well skild in the liberall Sciences, but (quoth he) an vnthrift, & one that hath bin from his wife sixe yers. At this all the table condemned him as passing vnkinde, that could wrong so vertuous a wife with absence. He was silent and blusht, feeling the worme of his conscience to wring him, & with such a sharp sting, that as soone as he got into his chamber, he fell to meditate with himselfe of the great abuses he offered his wife, the excellencie of her exteriour perfection, her beauty, vertue, and other rare ornaments of nature, presented theselues vnto his thoughts, that he began not only to be passing passionate, but deeply penitent, sorrowing as much at his former follies, as his hope was to ioy in ensuing good fortunes. Now hee saue that *Omnia sub sole vanitas*: that beauty without vertue, was like to a glorious flower without any operatio, which the Apothecaries set in their shops for to be seene, but as soone as it withereth, they cast it into & for nace as an vnprofitable weede: that the embracing of a Curti-

zan, ſeeme they neuer ſo ſweet, yet they were the paths to deſtru-
ction: that their lookes are ſcales vnto death, and the foldes of
their hands, are ſetters to ſnare men in ſinne. Now he ſaw that
pride was extreme follie; for ſuch as lookt moſt high againſt the
Sunne, greiue ſoneſt blind: that Icarus caught his fall by ſea-
ring high: that time ill ſpent in vanity, in riotous company, a-
mongſt a crew of careleſſe Cavaliers, that would boaſt it in the
towne, not braue it in the field, was neither to be recalled nor re-
compent. Oh Franceſco (quoth hee) how ſondly haſt thou bene
led away with euery loke, fed vpon with trencher-fies, eaten
aliue with flatterers, giuen to looke at a Goddeſſe more then thy
God, more readie to a Bowle then thy Woke, ſquaring in the
Arætes, when thou ſhouldeſt be meditating in thy Chamber: If
thou knoweſt theſe to be extreme parts of folly, repent & amend.
The Dære knowing Tamarisk is deadly to his nature, ſcorneſ
to come nere the tre. The Unicorne wil not bryke to reſt vnder
a Cytren tre, for that he holds it moſt tall. The Elephant will fly
out of the cōpany of a murderer. Theſe brute beaſts auoid what
nature tels them is perillous: thou hunteſt after thoſe harmes
with greedines, that thou knoweſt are preiudiciall. Well Franceſ-
co, then now or elſe neuer away with ſuch follies: ſtop at the bot-
tome, and then it is Sero, yet let it be Serio: home to the wiſe of
thy youth, reconcile thy ſelf to her, ſhe wil forgiue and forget thy
former fondnes, & entertain her penitent paramor, with as great
kindnes as he comes home with penance: What man? *Nunquam
ſera eſt ad bonos mores via.* With that Franceſco tooke pen, and pa-
per, and wrote this.

*Franceſcoes Sonnet made in the prime of
his penance.*

With ſweating browes I long haue plow'd the ſandſt
My ſeed was youth, my crop was endleſſe care
Repent hath ſent home with empty hand,
At laſt, to tell how riſe our follies are:
And time hath left experience to approue,
The gaine is griefe to thoſe that traffique loue.
The ſilent thought of my repentant yeares
That fill my head, haue cald me home at laſt:

Now loue vnmask a wanton wretch appeares,
 Begot by guilefull thought with ouer-haist:
 In prime of youth, a Rose, in age, a Weed,
 That for a minutes ioy, payes endlesse meed.
 Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceit,
 Alie'd to wit by want, and sorrow bought:
 Farewell fond youth, long fostred in deceit,
 Forgiue me Time disguised idle thought.
 And loue adew, loe, hasting to my end,
 I finde no time too late for to amend.

HAuing framed this Sonnet, he gaue the copy to some of his friends, making manifest to the his resolution to leaue Troynouant, and to goe home; and by their helpe, who furnished him with such necessaries as he did want, he in short time tooke his iorney. The day of his departure was ioyful to al his friends, insomuch that as many as knew of his iourney, gathered themselves together, and made him a banquet: where (very merry & pleasant) they carol'd to the health of his llabel: One amongst the rest who loued Francesco so tenderly, tooke a cup of wine in his hand, and with teares in his eyes, said thus: Francesco, I haue nothing to giue thee, being my selfe pinched with want, but some precepts of wit that I haue bought with much experience, those shalt thou haue at my hands, which if thou put in practise, think I haue giuen much treasure.

The farewell of a friend.

- 1 Let Gods worship be thy mornings worke, and his wisdom the direction of thy dayes labour.
- 2 Rise not without thanks, nor sleepe not without repentance.
- 3 Choose but a few friends, and try those: for the flatterer speaks fairest.
- 4 If thy wife bee wise, make her thy Secretary; else locke thy thoughts in thy heart, for women are seldome silent.
- 5 If she be faire, be not iealous; for suspicion cures not womens follies.
- 6 If she bee wise, wrong her not: for if thou louest others, shee will loath thee.
- 7 Let thy childrens nurture bee their richest portion: for wisdom

dome is more precious than wealth.

- 8 Be not proud amongst thy poore neighbours: for a poore mans hate is perillous.
- 9 Nor too familiar with great men: for presumption winnes disdain.
- 10 Neyther be too prodigall in thy fare, nor die not indebted to thy belly, enough is a feast.
- 11 Be not enuious, lest thou fall in thine owne thoughts.
- 12 Vse patience, mirth, and quiet: for care is enemy to health.

And Francesco (quoth his friend) that thou mayst remember my precepts, I drinke to thee: upon this he plodged him, and so in pleasant chat they pass away the time till breakfast was done, & then he gat him to horse, and they brought him a mile out of the Citty. At last, although they plaide loath to depart, yet Francesco must away: but before hee departed, when they were ready to shake hands, he puld out of his sleee a Sonet that he made, and gaue it them.

Francescoes Sonnet called his parting blow.

REason that long in prison of my will,
Hast wept thy Mistris wants and losse of time,
Thy wonted siege of honour safely climed.
To thee I yeeld as guilty of mine ill.

Loe (fettred in their teares) mine eyes are prest,
To pay due homage to their natue guide:
My wretched heart wounded with bad betide,
To craue his peace, from reason is address.

My thoughts a sham'd, since by themselves consum'd,
Haue done their duty to repentant wit:
Asham'd of all, sweet guide I forry sit,
To see in youth how I too farre presum'd.

That he whome loue and error did betray,
Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way:

Sero sed serio.

As soone as he had deliuered them the sonnet, shaking hands, he put spurs to his horse and rode onward on his iourney: within fīue dayes he arrived at Caerbrancke, where as soone as he was lighted he went to the house where his wife sojourned; and one of the maides espīng Francesco, yet knew him for all his long absence, and ranne in and told it to Isabel, that her husband was at the dore: she being at work in her chamber, sate as one in an ecstasy, untill Francesco came by, who at the first sight of his wife considering the excellencie of her beauty, her vertues, chastitie, and other perfections, and measuring her constancy with his disloyaltie, stode as a man metamorphosed: at last he began thus. Ah Isabel, what shall I say to thy fortunes or my follies: what exordiu shall I vse to shew my penance, or discover my sorowes, or crypse my present ioyes? for I tell thee I conceaue as great pleasure to see thee wel, as grief in that I have wronged thee with my absence. Might sighes (Isabel) teares, plaints, or any such exterior passions pourtray out my inward repentance, I would shew thee the Anatomy of a most distressed man: but amongst manie sorrowing thoughts, there is such confusion, that superfluity of griefes stops the source of my discontent. To figure out my follies or the extremity of my fancies, were but to manifest the bad course of my life: and to rub the scar by setting out mine owne scathe: and therfore let it suffice, I repent hartily, I sorrow deeply, and meane to amend and continue in the same constantly. At this Francesco stode and wept, which Isabel seeing, conceived by his outward griefs his secret passions, and therfore taking him about the neck, wetting his cheekes with the teares that fel from her eyes, she made him this womanly and wise answer.

What Francesco, comest thou home full of woes, or seekest thou at thy returne to make me weepe: Hast thou been long absent, & now bringest thou me a treatise of discontent: I see thou art penitent, & therfore I am like not to heare what follies are past. It sufficeth for Isabel, that henceforth thou wilt loue Isabel, and vpon that condition without any more words, welcome to Isabel. With that she smiled and wept, & in doing both together, sealed by all her contrarie passions in a kisse. Many lookes past betwene them, many odde fancies and many fauours: but what they did, or how they agreed in secret, that cannot I tel; but forth they

they came great friends out of the chamber, wher Francesco was welcomed home of his wiues Host with great chere: who to shew his kindnes the more, had prouided a solemne banquet, hauing bidden many of his neighbors to supper, that they might accompanie Francesco. Well, supper being done, & then sitting by the fire the Host seeing them all in a dump, sayd, that to driue them out of their melancholy he would tel them a tale, which they all desirous of, sate silent, and he began thus,

The Hosts tale.

In Theffaly, where Nature hath made the soyle proude with the beauty of Shepheards, there dwelled a swaine called Selador: auncient, as hauing age seated in his haire: and wealthy as inpossed with great possessions: and honest, as being indued with many vertuous qualities. This Selador had to ioy him in his age a daughter of great beautie, so exquisite in her exterior feature, as no blemish might eclipse the glory that Nature bestowed in her lineaments. As thus she was faire, so was she wise, and with her wit ioynd vertue, that to behold, she was Helena, to heare, Pallas, and to court, a Daphne. This Damself whose name was Mirimida, kept her fathers sheep, and in a scarlet peticoate, with a chaplet of flowers on her head, went euery day to the fields, where she plide the care of her fathers folds with such diligence, that she seemed with labour, to enter armes against want, & with her hands thrust, to prevent her harts grieve. Wishing thus daylie the plaines of Theffaly, the shepheards delighted at the gaze of so excellent an obiect, held their eyes fortunate when they might behold her feature, chiding him happy that could lay his flocks nearest vnto her folds. Amongst the rest of all the swaines that fed their thoughts on her fauours, there was one called Eurymachus, a yong youth that had the pride of his yeeres triumphing in his countenance, witty, and full of pleasant conceits; and that Fortune might iumpe with love, and make him gracious in womens eyes, he was wealthy, for gold is the Christol of loue. This Eurymachus alwaies so plotted the course of his shepe walke, that he was next neighbour to Mirimida: inasmuch, that to discouer his fancie, he did her often fauours: for whē
any

any of her Lambs went astray , or any thing grew amisse, then Eurymachus was the swaine that endeauored by his labor to redresse euery losse. By this meanes he wared priuate, & familiar with Mirimida , which was the meanes that brought him into p:euindicial laby:inth: for he did so neere *accedere ad ignem* . that he did *calefcere plus quam satis* : for as none comes neere the furnace of the Fiſſe Iden but he wareth blinde , nor any touch the Salamander, but he is troubled with the palse: so none could gaze on the face of Mirimida , but they went away languishing. This did poore Eurimachus experience : for although hee knew loues fires were fatall, & did not warme, but scorch: yet he loued with the bird to flie to the flame, though he burnt his wings and fel in the bush : hee would not with Vlisses stop his eares, but sit & sing with the Syrens: he feared no enchauntment , but carowlt with Circes, till his ouer-daring drew him in a passionate danger, and so long suckt in the beauty of Mirimida, with his euer thirsty eies, till his heart was fuller of passions then his eies of affections; yet discouer his thoughts he durst not , but smothered by his inward paines with outward silence: hauing the Queen the hotter within for that it was damd by, and his griefs the deeper for that they were concealed. Manifest his malady to her he durst not, he thought himself too homely a patient for such a Whistion: to utter his loues to another & make any to his Secretary but himself, he supposed was to draw in a riual to his loues. Thus Eurimachus was perplexed , til at last, to giue a little vent to the flame, sitting on a day on a hil, he puld forth pen and inck, and wrote his fancy. The effects were, these.

Eurymachus fancy in the prime of his affection.

When lordly Saturne in a sable roabe,
Sate full of frownes, and mourning in the West,
The euening starre scarce peept from out her lodge,
And *Phabus* newly gallopt to his rest;

Euen then

Did I

Within my boate sit in the silent streames,
And voyd of cares as he that lies and dreames.
As *Phao*, so a Ferriman I was,

The

300
The country-lasses sayd I was too faire,
With easie toyle I laboured at mine oare,
To passe from side to side who did repaire:

And then

Did I.

For paines take pence, and *Charon*-like transport,
As soone the swaine as men of high import.
When want of worke did giue me leaue to rest,
My sport was catching of the wanton fish:
So did I weare the tedious time away,
And with my labour mended oft my dish.

For why

I thought

That idle houres was Calenders of ruth,
And time il spent, was preiudice to youth.
I scorn'd to loue, for were the Nymph as faire,
As she that loued the beauteous Latman swaine,
Her face, her eyes, her tresses, nor her browes,
Like Iuory could my affection gaine:

For why,

I said

With high disdain, Loue is a base desire,
And Cupids flames, why th'are but watry fire.
As thus I sate disdayning of prowd loue,
Haue ouer Ferriman, there cryed a boy,
And with him was a Paragon, for hue,
A louely Damsel beauteous and coy,

And there

With her

A maiden couered with a tawnie vale,
Her face vnscene for breeding louers bale.
I fird my boate, and when I came to shoare,
The boy was wing'd, me thought it was a wonder,
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash
That runnes before the hot report of thunder,

Her smiles

Were sweeter,

N

Louely

Louely her face: : was ne're so faire a creature,
For earthly carcasſe had a heavenly feature.
My friend (quoth ſhee) ſweet Ferriman behold,
We three muſt paſſe, but not a farthing fare,
But I wil giue (for I am Queene of loue)
The brighteſt laſſe, thou h'lt vnto thy ſhare:

Choose where
Thou loueſt.

Be ſhe as faire as Loues ſweet Lady is,
She ſhall be thine, if that will be thy bliſſe.
With that ſhe ſmil'd with ſuch a pleaſing face,
As might haue made the marble rocke relent,
But I that triumpht in diſdaine of loue,
Bad ſie on him that to fond loue was bent:

And then

Said thus,

So light the Ferriman for loue doth care,
As *Venus* paſſe not if ſhe pay no fare.

At this a frowne fate on her angry browe,
She winkes vpon her wanton ſonne hard by:
He from his quiuer drew a bolt of fire,
And aynd ſo right, as that he pierſt mine eye.

And then

Did ſhe

Draw downe the veile that hid the virgins face,
Whoſe heavenly beauty lightned all the place.
Straight then I lean'd mine eare vpon mine arme,
And lookt vpon the Nymph (if ſo) was faire:
Her eyes were ſtarres, and like *Apolloes* lockes
Me thought appear'd the trammels of her haire.

Thus did

I gaze

And ſuckt in beauty, till that ſweet deſire
Caſt ſuell on, and ſet my thoughts on fire.
When I was lodg'd within the net of loue,
And that they ſaw my heart was all on flame,
The Nymph away, and with her trippes along
The winged boy, and with her goes his dame.

Oh then

I cryed,

Stay Ladies, stay, and take not any care,
 You all shall passe, and pay no penny fare.
 Away they fling, and looking coylye backe,
 They laugh at me, ah with a lowde disdain.
 I send out sighes to ouertake the Nymphs,
 And teares as lures to call them backe againe;

But they

Flie thence.

But I sit in my boate, with hand on oare,

And feele a paine, but knowes not what's the soare.

At last I feele it is the flame of loue,

I strue, but bootlesse, to repress the paine,

It cooles, it fires, it hopes, it feares, it frets,

And stirreth passions throughout every vaine:

That downe

And sighing, did faire *Venus* lawes approve,

And swore, nothing so sweet and sowre as loue.

Et florida puerum

Having made this Canzon, hee put it in his bosome, and oft
 when he was by him selfe would reade it, easing his passion with
 vieweing the conceits of his owne fancy: on a day hauing brought
 downe his sheepe, he espies Mirimida, and to her he goes, and af-
 ter his wonted salute sat downe by her, & fell to such chat as oc-
 casion did minister, intermedling his passions with so many
 sighs, and firing his eie so effectually vpon her face without re-
 mone, that she perceived the Shepheard had swallowed Acon-
 iton, and that there was none but she that bore the Antidote. As
 thus she noted his passions, she espied a scrole of paper sticking
 out of his bosome, which she snatched soth & vnfolded; and per-
 ceiuving it was a Sonet shee read it, and then looking earnestly
 on Eurymachus, he blusht, and she with friendly smile began to
 crosse him with this frump. What Eurymachus, cannot wonted
 labours wipe away wanton Amours, nor thy sheepes care pre-
 uent thy hearts loue? I had thought fancy had not trode on thy
 heele, nor affection presented any obiect to thine eie: but now I

see, as the Camelion cannot live without ayre, nor the Salamander without fire, so men have no quiet in their life, unless they acquaint them with love: I see swaines are not such swads, but they have thoughts and passions, and be they never so low, they can looke at beauty. Coridon in his gray cassocke, had his faire Phillis, and Menalcas could court Calarea in his Shepherders cloake; and Eurymachus, be he never so homely will hazard, but at whome, there lies the question,

At whom (quoth Eurymachus?) ah Mirimida, at one that is too high for my thoughts, & too beauteous for my fortunes: so what I have soared with the Hobby, I shall bate with the Bunting: a daring with Phaeton I shall drowne with Icarus: mine eye was proud, my thoughts too forward: I have stared at a starre, but shall stumble at a stone, and I feare, because I have once lookt in love, I shall be over-laid in love. With that he sighed, and Mirimida smiled and made this reply. Why Eurymachus a man, or a mouse, what is there any Cedar so high, but the slowest Snail will creepe to the top: & fortune so base, but will aspire: any love so precious but hath his price: What Eurymachus, a Cat may look at a King, and a swaines eye hath as high a reach, as a Lords looke. Vulcan in his leather sutes courted Venus in her silkes: the swaine of Latmos loved Luna; both doted, and both had their desires. What, Love requires not wealth but courage: and partage is not so high prized by fancie, as personage: feare not man, if thou hast lookt high, follow thy thoughts, and try loves favours, for deniall is no dishonour. Eurymachus hearing Mirimida in such an amorous humour, encouraged by her persuasions, thought now to strike while the iron was hot: and therefore taking her by the hand, began thus.

Truth Mirimida, Venus latwes are bounded with constraint, and when love leadeth the eye, desire keeps no company: when Paris courted Helena, though she were coy and denied, yet was she not discourteous and disdainful. for she answered thus mildly: *Nemo etenim succenset amanti*. This (Mirimida) makes mee hardy to take thee by the hand, and to say, I love Mirimida: for thou art the Sun that hast eclipsed mine eyes; on thy beauty have I so long gazed, that as they which were wounded with Achilles Lance, could not be healed but by the same trancheon: so
thine

thine excellencie hath fettered Eurymachus, that thy curtesie must free Eurymachus. I confesse I haue lekt too high, but I excuse mine owne presumption by thine owne principles: and if I haue dared too much, why loue allowes it. Then faire Rymph, if thou beest as beautifull as Venus, yet looke at blacke Vulcan: lowe softes haue high desires, if thou beest as louely as Luna, scoope to Endymion: a Swaine may be as constant as a King. Shepheards loues are loyal, for their eies are like Emeraldes that receiue but one impression, and their hearts like Adamants that will turne no way but to one point of the heauen. Mirimida frowning at the folly of the Shepheard, cut him off thus.

If thou knewest how bad the coine is Eurymachus (quoth she) thou wouldest not put thy sickle so farre in, and seeing your harvest is like to be so little, spare labour, and worke not so hard: if you haue lekt at my beauty, your ainte is not beyond compasse, your high straines are but frumps, & so I take them: for he that calles a Faulcon a Phenix, is but a flatterer: and such as terme their loue Saints, are thought but to utter words of course.

Well, how soeuer, if you loue me, I like you, but so as Dianaes fancy was to Apollo, to be his friend in the field, and his foe in the chamber, to fauour him as a huntsman, but to hate him whē he chatted of loue: so Eurymachus, so long as thou souldest thy flocks with Mirimida, thou art welcome to Mirimida; but if thou castest forth thy lure to haue Mirimida loue, then I will leaue thee to thy folly, as one that hates to be drawne to fancie: for know, that as the Olive tree will brooke no touch of Steele: the Egypte no heate of fire: so Mirimidas eares are not capable of any amorous perswasions: and therefore friend Eurymachus, any thing but loue, and so I leaue you.

Ray (quoth Eurymachus) and hee tooke her fast by the arme, if I were sure you had power as Diana had to plague mee with Acteons punishment, you passe not without a little more pattle: if I anger you, tis first a preparation to a good stomache, for choler is a friend to digestion: secondly, as the Chrysocol, and the Gold by long striking together grow to be one mettall, so by our falling out, we shall be better friends for euer: for

Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.

Therefore (faire Mistris) sit still & graunt some fauour to him

The second part.

that is so pained with fancie; I will loue you though I am poore, and a King can do but so much: if you think my degree be too low for high of beauty, think of all parts. the meane is the merriest, & that the shepheards gray hath lesse grief then the lordly estates. I know women must be coy, because they are women, and they must haue time to be wonne, or else they would be thought to be wantons: therefore whatsoeuer you say now, I hold it not authenticall: yet for that I would haue some hope: good Mirimida, let me see thee laugh. She could not but smile to see the Shepheard so pleasant, and so Eurymachus rested content, and from amorous chat they fell to talke of other matters, til euening grew on, and then they solde their shep, & with a friendly farewell parted.

Eurymachus was not alone thus enamoured of the faire Mirimida, but all the Shepheards of Thessaly wit Poemes and Ditties of her beauty, and were sutors to her for fauor: she like Daphne held lone in disdaine, and yet was curteous to all in any other kinde of conference. Amongst the rest, Venus (be like) willing to be pleasant, had wrapt one in the labyrinth of loue called Mullidor, a fellow that was of honest parents, but very poore, and his personage was as it had bene cast in Elaps mould, his backe like a Lute, and his face like Thirsites, his eyes broad and tawny, his haire harsh and curled like a horse maine, his lippes were of the largest size in folio, able to furnish a Coblers sheppe with clowting leather: the only good part that he had to grace his visage was his nose, & that was conquerour-like, as beaked as an Eagle: Nature hauing made so proper a stripling, thought his inward qualities should not blemish his outward excellence, & therfore to keepe proportion, into his great head she put in little wit, that he knew rather sheepe by the marke then the number, for he was neuer good Arithmetician, and yet he was a proper scholar, and well sene in Ditties. This rustling Shepheard amongst the rest, and more then any of the rest, was enamoured of Mirimida, so that he would often leaue his sheepe at randon, to passe by the fields where she sate, only to see his eye with fauour. Well, as fooles haue eyes, so haue they hearts, and those oft harbour fond desire: Loue sometimes looks low, & will tumble on a cottage as well as on a pallace: fooles are in extremities, not easy to be perswaded from their bable, & when they begin

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begin to loue, folly whets them on to restless thoughts. So fell it out with Mullidor? for after he had tasted of the beauty of Mirimida, he grew passionate, but with great impatience, and wasted away in the despair of his owne desires that he was worn pale and wan: which his olde mother espying, maruailing to see her son so inalecontent, for she loued him tenderly, and thought him the sweetest youth, and bruest young man in all Thessaly. The Crow thinks her fowles the fairest, and the Ape accounts of his young as well featured darlings: so Calena, (for so was the olde womans name) thought Mullidor no lesse, though his eares were greater then an Asse, but held him of a sweet personage and rare wit. Well, the poore old wife, when her son came home at night, seeing how ill he lookt, maruaild what should be the cause of his suddaine change: yet because she would follow the principles of country physick, she thought to passeauer speaking to him till supper was done, to try what stomacke he had. Well, the cloth was laid, and the browne loaf set on the board, Mullidor full of passions, sat down to his pottage, & ate off his boll full, the old woman stumbles to the pot againe for a fresh messe. Ah mother (quoth he with a great sigh) no more breath to night: with that she clapt her hand on her knee, and swore her boy was not wel, that he forsooke his supping: yet he fell to a peece of Bacon that stood on the board, & a tough barly pudding: but he rose before the rest and got into a corner, where folding his armes together he sat thinking on his loue. As soone as the rest of the swains were by from the table, and turning crabbes in the fire she toke her son into the cellar, & sitting down in her chaire, began thus. Sonne Mullidor, thy cheekes are leane, and now thou lookest like Lenton, pale and wan, I saw by thy stomack to night, thou art not thine owne man: thou hadst of late (God saue thee) a lonely fat paire of cheekes, and now thou lookest like a rotten herring: Tel me Mullidor, and feare not to tel me, for thou tellest it to thy mother, what aylest thou? Is it griefe of body, or of mind, that keepes thee on the holydayes from frisking it at the foote-ball? Thou art not as thou wert wont, and therefore say what thou aylest, and thou shalt see old women haue good coursaile.

At these speeches of his mother, Mullidor fetcht a great sigh, and with that (being after supper) he brake wind: which Cal-

na hearing, oh some (quoth she) it is the colicke that troubles
the; to bed man, to bed, and we will haue a warme pot lid. The
colicke mother, no : tis a disease that all the cunning women in
the country cannot cure, and strangely it holdes me: for some-
times it holdes me in the head, some whiles in mine eyes: my
hart, my hart, oh there (my mother) it plaies the diuel in a mo-
tar: some while it is like a frost, cold: sometimes as a fire, hotter:
when I should sleepe, then it makes me wake: when I eate, it
troubles my stomacke: when I am alone, it makes mee crie
right out, I can wet one of my new locke ram napkins with
weeping. It came to mee by a great chance: for as I looke on a
faire flower, a thing, I know not what, crept in at mine eyes, &
ranne round about all my baines, and at last, gat into my hart,
and there euer since hath remayned, and there mother euer since
so torments me, that Mullidor must die; and with that he fell on
weeping. Callena seeing her some shed teares, fell to her hempen
apron, and wipt her bleared eyes, and at last demanded of him
if it were not loue. At that question he hung downe his head, and
sighed. Ah my sonne (quoth she) now I see tis loue: for hee is
such a sneaking fellowe, that if he but leape in at the eye lid, and
dine downe into the heart, and there rests as cold as a stone, yet
touch him, and he will screeke: for tell me Mullidor, what is she
that thou louest, and will not loue thee? If she be a woman, as I
am, she cannot but fancy thee: for mine eye, though it be now old
(and with that went vp her apron and she wipt them cleere) hath
bene a wanton when it was young, and would haue chosen at
the first glance, the properrest springall in the Parish: and trust
me Mullidor, but be not proud of it, when I looke on thee, I find
thee so louely, that I count her worse than accurst, would not
chuse thee for her Paramour. With these wordes Mullidor be-
ganne to smile, and troubled his mother ere she had halfe ended
her tale, on this manner.

Mother, I may rightly compare the Church to a looking glasse,
for as a man may see himselfe in the one, & there see his propo-
sition: so in the other, the wenches eyes are a certificate: for vpon
whom you see all the girles looke, hee for soote and face, carries a-
way the bell; and I am sure, for these two yeres I neuer came
into the Church, & was no sower set, but the wenches began to
winke

winke one on another, to looke on me and laugh. Oh ware mother, when a dogge waggis his taile, he loues his master, and when a wanton laughs, for my life she is ouer the head & eares in loue. Then if my fortune serue me to be so well thought on, why should I not venture on her I loue? It is (mother) Seladors daughter Mirimida. Now Gods blessing on thy heart (quoth Callena) for louing such a smugge lasse, marry her (my sonne) and thou shalt haue my benizon in a clovete. Mirimida: marrie it is no maruell: if thy chokes be fallen for her: why, she is the fairest blossome in all the Towne: to her sonne, to her, tricke thy selfe by in thy best reparable, & make no bones of it: but on a wooing: for womens desires, I may tell the boy, are like childrens fancies, womne oft with an Apple, when they refuse an Angell; and Mullidor, take this with thee and feare not to speede: A womans frowne is not euer an instance of choler: if she refuse thee outwardly, she regards thee inwardly, and if she shake thee by, and bid thee be packing, haue the better hope. Cats & dogs come togethen by scratching: if she smile, then Sonne say to thy selfe, she is thine; and yet Women are wily cattel, for I haue sene a woman laugh with anger, and kisse him she hath desired to kill: she wil be coy (Mullidor) but care not for that, tis but a thing of course: speake thou faire, promise much, praise her highly, commend her beauty aboue all, and her vertue moze then all, sigh often, and she w thy selfe full of passions, and as sure as thy cap is of wool, the twench is thine.

Mullidor hearing his mother giue such good counsaile, sayde she would ieopard a roynt, and the next day haue a sling at her. With that he sayd, his hart was eased, and his stomacke somewhat come downe with her good perswasion, whereupon the Ambry was opened, and he turned me ouer a cantle of Cheese & went to bed. The next morning by he rose & his holy day robes went on, his startupts new blackt, his cap faire broght, & a cleane lockeram band. Thus attired, away slings Mullidor to the field, and carried away his shep, and led them into the plaines where Mirimida sought to fede her flocks: comming there, he met her all alone, sitting all alone vnder a Birch tree, weaning of Nets, to catch birds: as sone as Mullidor spied her, his hart leapt for toy, and she seeing him, laught, which was a great helpe to his

courage: that rushing roughly toward her he said thus.

Pistris Mirimida, here is weather that makes grasse plentie, and shepe fatte, by my trath there neuer came a more plenteous yere: and yet I haue one shepe in my fold thats quite out of liking, and if you knew the cause you would maruaile. The other day as he was grasing, he espied a spotted ewe feeding before him, with that he fell to gaze on her, and that so long, that he wagged his taile for very ioy; he came to her, and with a shepish curtisie courted her; the ewe was coy and butted him, which stroke him so to the hart, that casting a sheps eye at her, away he goes, and euer since he lies by himselfe and pines away. I pray you Pistris Mirimida what think you of this ewe? Mirimida perceiving by this smile, that little wit had oft fancies, and soles were with in the compasse of Lones warrant: whereupon thinking to bring him into a paradise, she made this answer.

I am an ill iudge Mullidor, and yet because I am a Shepheardsesse, and this is a shepish question, that the Ewe shoud bee the first that should be fatted of all the flocke: and in reuenge of her cruelty, sold to the Butcher. For I tell thee Mullidor, she that is cruell in lone, is like to a Rose, that pricks when it should bee gathered. Say you so Mirimida (quoth he:) then may I be the bolder to breake out my mind vnto you: for surely I am the shepe that euer since I markt your beauty, haue bene inflamed with your sweet looks, and not daring boulte out mine affection, haue pined away, as you may see by my cheekes: and refuse my foode: and you Mirimida, are the Ewe that hath caught Mullidor captiue. Wherefore now that I utter howe I loue, and couet how you should loue againe: take heed you refuse not, for if you do, by my iudgement you shall be sold to the Butcher for your cruelty. Mirimida, hearing the asse ruffle in his rude eloquence smiled to her selfe, and thought that Venus fires as well warme the poore as the rich, and that deformity was no meanes to abridge fancy, whereupon she replied thus. Why Mullidor, are you in lone: and with mee, is there none but Mirimida that can fit your eye: being so many beautifull damselfs in Thessaly: take heed man, looke before you leape, least you fall into the ditch: I am not good enough for so proper a man as your selfe, especially being his mothers eldest sonne: what Mullidor let me counsaile you, there are

more maides the Halkin, & the country hath such choyce as may
 breed your better content: for my part at this time, I meane not
 to marry. 'Tis no matter, quoth Mullidor, what you say: for my
 mother told me, that maides at first would be coy when they are
 wooed, and mince it as it were a Pare ouer a mouthfull of chil-
 fles, & yet were not a whit the worse to be likt, for twas a mat-
 ter of custome. Well then Mullidor quoth Mirimida, leaue off at
 this time to talke of loue, & hope the best: to morrow perchance it
 will be better, for women are like vnto children, that will off re-
 fuse an apple, and straight cry for the paring, and when they are
 most hungry, then for sullennesse fast. This Mullidor, quoth she, is
 the frowardnes of loue. Parry then quoth he, if they haue chil-
 drens maladies, twere good to vse childrens medicines, and thats
 a roo, for be they neuer so froward, a ierke or two wil make them
 fozward: and if that would bring women to a good temper, my
 mother hath a stifte cudgel, and I haue a good arme.

Thus these two past a way the day, till presently they espied
 a farre off a Gentleman with a hatcke on his fist, to come riding
 to wards them, who dzatwing npe and seing so faire a Symph,
 reind his horse and stood still, as Aæxon when he gazed at Dia-
 na: at the last he alighted, and comming to wards her, saluted
 her thus curteously. Faire virgin, when I saw such a sweet saint
 with such a crooked apostle, I straight thought Venus had bene
 walking abroad to take the ayre with Vulcan: but as soone as
 mine eyes began narrowly to make suruey of thy beauty. I found
 Venus blemisht with thy rare excellency: Happy are these shepe
 that are folded by such a paragon: and happy are those shepe-
 hears that enioy the presence of such a beautecus creature, noe
 maruel if Apollo became aswaine or Mercury a neat heard when
 their labours are recompensd with such lones. My selfe, faire da-
 mosel, if either my degree were woorthy or my deserts any, would
 craue to haue entertainment to become your duetifull seruant.
 At this while Mirimida held downe her heead, and blusht: at last,
 lifting vp her eyes full of modesty, and her face full of chaste co-
 lours, such as flourish out the fronts of Dianacs virgins, she made
 the Gentleman this answer. My seruant sir: (said she) no, your
 woorth is far aboue my wealth, and your dignitie too high for
 my degree: poze country damfels must not aime too hie at fortune,

nor sit too fast in dainties, least looking at their fate with the peacocke, they let fall their plumes, & so shame at their owne follies: but if my degree were so great as to entertaine such seruants, I must bestow vpon them some changeable liuery, to shew the variety of their mindes: for certaine, mens hearts are like to the Polype, that will change into all colours but blew, and their thoughts into all effects but constancie: in that sir, your eye dazzled and mistooke me for Venus, you gazde against the sunne, and so blemisht your sight; or else you haue eaten of the rootes of hemlocke, that makes mens eyes conceit busiane objects: how soeuer (as I take you for a Gentleman) so I take your prayse for a frumpe: and so your way lies before you: we must folde our flocke, and you may be gone when you please. In faith quoth he Oenone chose Paris for her Where in her labours, and her fellow in her loues: thinking the swetest face the best fairing for a gentlewomans eye: But you contrarie haue got a smoakie Vulcan, as Venus, to set out your excellencie: for as a Chisell placed by Heate, seemes the more pure: so a beauteous Paragon shews the more faire, ioynd with a deformed peasant. Mullidor hearing the Gentleman thus abuse his patience, as a man conceited in his owne propernesse, and especially afoze Mirimida, thwarted him thus. You maister meacoke, that stand vpon the beauty of your churnmilke face: as brag with your Buzzard on your fist, as a Sow vnder an Apple tree, know that we country swaines as we are not beholding to Nature for beautie, so we little account of fortune for any fauor: Tush man, my crookebacke harboreth more honest condition, then thy flatering countenance, and these course suites, can fetch more pence then thy silkes: for I beleeue thou makest a sponce of the Percers booke: thou hast made such sure entrance there, that thou wilt neuer from thence till thou best tozne out by the eares. Goodman Courtier, we haue queasse stomackes that will hardly brooke them: and therefore fine sole, be gone with your sole, or I will so belabour you, as you shall feele my fingers this fortnight: and with that Mullidor heaued vp his shapshooke, and bent his browes, so that the gentleman giuing to Mirimida the adue, he put spurs to his horse, and went away.

At this manly part of Mullidor, Mirimida laught hartily, and
be

hee tooke a great conceipt that hee had shewd himselfe such a tall man: Upon this, Mirimida gaue him a nosegay which stucke in her bosome for a fauour, which hee accepted so gratefully, as if another had giuen him a tunne of gold. Night drew on, and they folded their sherp and departed, shee to her father, and he to olde Calena, as ioyfull a man as Paris, when hee had the promise from Venus: hee plodded on his way with his head full of passions, and his heart full of new thoughts, and stil his eye was vpon the nosegay, insomuch that hee stood in a doubt whether it were Loue, or soine other fury than Loue, that thus hincht him and pincht him: at last hee fell with himselfe into this kinde of meditation. Now doe I perreiuue that lone is a purgation, and searches euery veine, that though it enter in at the eie, yet it ris to the heart, and then it kepes an olde coyle, where it worketh like a Jugglers bore. O loue, thou art like to a flea which bitest soze, and yet leapest away and art not to be found, or to a pot of strong ale, that maketh a man call his father whozson; so both of them betwitch a mans wits that he knoweth not a B. from a bawldoze. Infortunate Mullidor, and therfore infortunate, because thou art ouer the eares in lone, and with whom? With Mirimida, whose eyes are like to sparks of fire, and thine like a pound of butter, like to be melted with her beauty, & to consume with the fryng flame of fancy. Ah Mullidor, her face is like to a redde and white Daisie growing in a graine meadow, and thou like a Bee, that comest and suckest hony from it, & carriest it home to the hie with a heaue and hoe, that is as much to say, as with a head full of woes, and a heart full of sorowes and maladies. Be of good chere, Mirimida laughs on thee, and thou knowest a wo-mans smile is as good to a louer, as a sun-shine day to a hay maker, she shewes thee kinde looks, and casts many a sherpes eye at thee, which signifies that she counts the man worthy to iumpe a ma: ch with her; nay more Mullidor, shee hath giuen thee a nosegay of flowers, wherein as a top gallant for all the rest, is set in Rosemary for remembrance: Ah Mullidor, chere thy selfe, feare not, loue and fortune fauours lusty lads, cowards are not friends to affection, therfore venture, for thou hast won her, els had she not giuen thee this nosegay: and with this remembzing himselfe he startt by, left off his amorous passions, & trudged home to his

house, where comming in, olde Calena stumbles to see in what humour her sonne came home: frolick he was and his cap on the one side, he askt if supper were ready: his mother seeing his stomacke was good, thought there was some hope of her sons good fortune, and therefore said, there was a pudding in the pot that is almost enough, but sonne quoth she, what newes: what successe in thy loues: how doth Mirimida like thee: Ah mother qud. Mullidor, and he smiled, how shoulde I be bled, but as one that was wrapped in his mothers smocke when hee was borne: Can the Sun want heat, and the winter cold, or a proper man be denied his lutes: No mother, as soone as I beganne to circumglaze her with my Sophistry, and to fetch her about with two or three boniesfro nunnine eyes, I gaue her such a thump on the breast, that she would scarce say no: I told her my mind, and wrapt her in the prodigality of my wit, that she said another time should: but then we parted laughing, with such a sweet smile that made mee lose in the haff like a dudgin dagger: she gaue me this nosegay for a fauour, which how I esteeme it, gesse you: thus haue I bled her in kindnesse, and she bled mee in curtesie: and so I hope we shall make a friendly conclusion. By my troth, quoth she, and I hope no lesse, for I tel you, when maides giue giftes, they meane wel, and a woman if she laugh with a glauncing looke, wiseth it were neither to do nor vndone: she is thine, my sonne, feare not: and with that she layd the cloth & set victuals on the bord, where Mullidor tried himselfe so tall a trencher man, that his Mother perceiued by his drift he would not die for loue. Lening this passionate lubber to the conceit of his loues, let vs returne to the yong courtier called Radagon, who trotting a soft pace vpon his courser, seeing the Sunne now bright, and then ouer shadowed with cloudes, began to compare the state of the weather fantastically to the humor of his Mirimidaes fancies saying, when Phoebus was eclipsed with a vapour, then she lowred, when he shewed his glory in his brightnesse, then she smiled. Thus he dallied in an vncoth motion so long, that at last he began to feele a fire that fretted to the hart. Kyping thus in a quandary he entred into the consideration of Mirimidaes beantie, whereupon frolickly in an extemporate humour he made this Sonnet.

The second part.

Radagons Sonnet.

No cleere appear'd vpon the azurd sky
A vale of stormes had shadowed *Phæbus* face,
And in a sable mantle of disgrace
Sate he that y'cleeped heauens bri ght eye,

As though that he,

Perplex for *Clitia*, meant to leaue his place,
And wrapt in sorrowes did resolute die:
For death to louers is euer nye:

Thus folded in a hard and mournefull blaze,

Distrest fate hee.

A misty fogge had thickned all the ayre,
Iris fate solemne and denied her showres:

Flora in tawny hid vp all her flowers,

And would not diaper her meades with faire,
As though that fice

Were armd vpon the barren earth to lower,

Vnto the founts *Diana* nild repaire,

Bnt fate as ouershadowed with despaire,

Solemne and sad within a withered bower,

Her Nymphs and she

Mars malecontent lay sicke on *Venus* knee,

Venus in dumps fate muffled with a frowne,

Iuno layd all her frolicke humors downe,

And *Ioue* was all in dumps as wel as she

Twas Fates decree.

For *Neptune* (as he meant the world to drowne,) *Jupiter*

Heau'd vp his surges to the highest tree,

And leagu'd with *Eol*, mard the Seamans glee,

Beating the Cedar, with his billowes downe.

Thus wroth was he

My mistis deines to shew her sun-bright face,

The ayre cleerd vp, the clowdes did fade away,

Phæbus was frolicke when we did display

The gorgeous beauties that her front doe grace:

So that when shee

But walkt abroade, the stormes then fled away,

Flora did checker all her treading place,

And

Greenes neuer too late.

And *Neptune* calmed the surges with his mace,
Diana and her Nymphs were blith and gay;

When her they see.

Venus and *Mars* greed in a smile;

And jealous *Juno* ceased now to lowre,

Ione saw her face and sighed in his bowre,

Iris and *Eol* laughd with in a while.

To see this glee:

Ah borne was she within a happy houre

That makes heauen, earth, and Gods and all to smile?

Such wonders can her beauteous works compile,

To cleere the world from any froward lowre,

Ah blest be shee.

When Rodagon had framde his fancie, he began with sundry
insæring thoughts to consider, that shee was beautiful & of a base
countrey bræde, where vertue as sone dwelleth as in high digni-
ties: that her wit was sharpe, and Nature had done her part to
make her euery way excellent, as well in exteriour perfection, as
in inward qualities: though her fortunes were lowe, yet her de-
sires were modest: and proude shee could not be, as being poore,
to be penith were bootlesse, in that her hope did not aspire, her
lookes betwæyd she was no wanton: & her blushing, that she was
bashful: euery way she seemed vertuous, as she was beautifull.

The consideration of her excellencie so pierced the hart of Ra-
dagon, that from liking he fell to loue, from small prayles vnto
great passions. Thus quoth he, though wedlocke bee a thing so
doubtful & dangerous to deale withall, as to seke roses amongst
thornes, Celes amongst Scorpions, & one pure potion amongst
a thousand boxes of confection; yet nature doth establish it as ne-
cessary, Law as honest, and reason as profitable. Some Cynicke
(as Diogenes) wil thwart it with a dilemma & say that for yong
men tis too sone, for old men too late to marry, concluding so e-
nigmatically, it were not good to marry, at all: other wil say as
Arminius a ruler of Carthage sayde, who being importunatelie
perswaded to marry, answered, no said he. I dare not: for if I
chance vpon on that is wise, she wil be wilful, if wealthy she wa-
ton, if poore then penith, if beautiful then proude, if deformed she
loathsome; and the least of these is able to kil a thousand men. In

diæde

diede I cannot deny but oft *sub melle later venenum*, that vertue is like a bore of Iuory containing some baleful Aconiton, or to a faire shew that wrings the soote: such loue as is laid vpon such a foundation, is a short pleasure full of paine, & an affection bought with a thousand miseries; but a woman that is faire & vertuous maketh her husband a ioyfull man, and whether he be rich, or poore, yet alwaies he may haue a ioyful heart. A woman that is of a silent tongue, shamefast in countenance, sober in behaviour and honest in condition, adorned with vertuous qualities correspondent, is like a goodly pleasant flower, deckt with the colors of all the flowers of the garden: and such a one (quoth he) is Mirimida, and therefore, though she be poore, I will loue her, and like her: and if shee wil fancy me, I will make hir my wife. And vpon this he resolved to prosecute his sute towards her, inso-much that as soone as he came home and had rested himselfe a while, he slept to his standish, and wrote her a letter.

Radagon was not more pained with this passionate malady then poore Eurymachus, who could take no rest, although euery day in her presence he fed his eie with the beauty of her face: but as the Hidaspi, the more he drinks, the more thirstie he is, so Eurymachus, the more he looked, the more he loued, as hauing his eie deeply enamoured of the object: reueale any more his sute he durst not, because when he began to chat of loue, she shakt him off, & eyther slung away in a rage, or else forst him to fall to other prattle, inso-much that he determined to discourse his mind in a letter, which he performed as cunningly as he could, & sent it her. Mullidor that aske rapt out his reasons, diuers times to Mirimida, until she was weary of the grooms importunate fooleries, and so with a sharpe word or two nipt him on the pate: wherevpon asking his mothers counsaile, she perswaded him to write vnto Mirimida, although he and a pen, were as fit as an asse and a harp: yet he bought him paper, and stealing into the Churchyard vnder an Apple tree, there in his Puses framed a letter and sent her. Thus had fortune (meaning to be merry) appointed in her secret synode, that all these thre should vse one meanes to possesse their loues, & brought it so to passe, that the thre letters from these thre riuals were deliuered at one instant: which when Mirimida saw, she sate hir downe and laught,

wondering at y^e rarenes of this chance: that should in a moment bring such a conceit to passe: at last (for as then she was leading forth her sheepe) she fate her downe, and looking on the superscription, said to her selfe: what Adamants are faire faces, that can draw both rich, poore, and fooles to lodge in the labyrynth of their beauties: At this she sighed, and the first letter she broke open, because he was her first Louer, was Eurymachus, The contents whereof are these.

Eurymachus the Shepheard, to *Mirimida* the Goddesse of Theffaly.

When (*Mirimida*) I sit by thy sweet selfe, & wonder at thy present sight, feeding as the Bée vpon the wealth of thy beauties, the conceit of thine excellency drives me into an extasy that I became dumbe, with ouer-much delight: for Nature sets downe this as an authenticke principle.

Sensibile sensui suppositum nulla fit sensatio.

If the flower be put in the nostrill there is no smell: the colour clapt close to the eye, blemisheth the sight: so a Louer in presence of his Mistresse, hath the organs of his speech tied, that he conceales with silence, and sighes out his smothered passions with sobrowes.

Ah *Mirimida*, consider that loue is such a fire, as either will burst forth, or burne the house: it is such a streame as will either haue his course, or breake through the banks & make a deluge, or else force their heart strings crack with secretie. When *Mirimida*, if I be lauish in my pen, blame me not that am so laden with loue: if I be bold, attribute it to thy beauty, not my impudency: and thinke what I ouer-dare in, it growes through the extremity of loyal affection, which is so deeply imprinted in my thoughts, as neither time can diminish, nor misfortune blemish. I ayme not *Mirimida*, at thy wealth, but at thy vertues: for the more I consider thy perfection, the more I grow passionate, and in such an humoz, as if thou druy, there is no meanes to cure my malady, but the salve which healeth all incurable sores, & that is de ath. Therefore sweet (*Mirimida*) consider of my loues, & vse me as my loyalty deserues: let not my pouerty put in any barre, nor the basenes of my birth be any excuse of thy affection: weigh my desires, not my degrees, and either send me a speedy plaister to salve my

my despauing passions, or a corrasue to cut off my lingering sor-
rowes; either thy fauours with life, or thy deniall with death, be-
twene which I rest in hope till I heare thine answere.

Thine who can be no others but thine,
the Shepheard *Eurymachus*.

To the end of this letter (for that he would run descant vpon
his wit) hee set downe a Sonnet written in the forme of a Pa-
diggall, thus.

Eurymachus in laudem Mirimidia,
his Motto.

Inuita fortuna dedi vota concordia.

WHEN *Flora* proud in pompe of all hir flowers,
Sate bright and gay,
And gloried in the dew of *Iris* showers,
And did display
Her mantle, chequered all with gawdy greene:

Then I
alone

A mournfull man in *Ericine* was scene:
With folded armes I trampled through the g rasse,
Tracing as he
That held the throne of Fortunes brittle glasse,
And loue, to be

Like Fortune, fleeting as the restless wind,
Mixed

With mists,

Whose dampe doth make the clearest eye grow blinde:
Thus in amaze I spied a hideous flame.

I cast my sight

And saw where blithely bathing in the same

With great delight,

A worme did lie, wrapt in a smoakie sweate;

And yet

twas strange,

It carelesse lay and shrunk not at the heat.

I stood amaz'd, and wondring at the sight

While that a dame

That shone like to the heavens rich sparkling light,

Greenes neuer too late,
 Discourst the same,
 And said, my friend, this worne within the fire
 Which lies
 content,
 Is *Venus* worne, and represents desire.
 A Salamander is this princely beast,
 Deckt with a Crowne
 Giuen him by *Cupid* as a gorgeous crest
 Gainst Fortunes frowne:
 Content he lies and bathes him in the flame,
 And goes
 not forth,
 For why, he cannot liue without the same.
 As he, so Louers liue within the fire
 Of feruent loue,
 And shrinke not from the flame of hot desire,
 Nor will not moue,
 From any heat that *Venus* force imparts:
 But be
 Content
 Within a fire, and wast away their hearts.
 Vp flew the dame and vanished in a cloud;
 But there stood I,
 And many thoughts within my mind did shroud
 My loue: for why
 I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
 And yet
 As did
 The Salamander, it was my whole desire.

Mirimida hauing read this sonnet, the straight (being of a
 pregnant wit) conceited the drift of this *Madrigall*, smiled and
 laid it by: and then next tooke up *Radagons* letter, which was
 written to this effect.

Radagon of Thessalie, to the faire Shepheard-
 desse *Mirimida* health.

I Cannot tell (faire *Pistris*) whether I should praise Fortune
 as a friend, or curse her as a foe, hauing at vnawares presented
 me

400
me with the view of your perfection, which sight may be either
the summe of my blisse, or the beginning of my bale: for in you
rests the ballance either to weigh me downe my due with cur-
tesie, or my deniall with extreme unkindnesse. Such as are
prickt with the bones of the Dolphin heare musicke, & they are
presently healed of their malady: they which are enuenedomed
with the Tisier, rub the soze with Kubarb, and sale a remedy: &
those which drinke Aconison, are cured by Antidotes. But loue
is like the sting of a Scorpion, it must be salued by affection: for
neither charme, hearb, stone, nor mineral hath vertue to cure it:
which made Apollo exclaime this passion.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

With the same distresse (sweet Mirimida) am I pained, who
lighting by chance as Paris did in the bale of Ida bypon Venus,
but I feare me lesse curteous then Venus. I haue no golden ap-
ple (faire Pimph) to present thee with, so to proue thee supreme
of beauty: but the deuotion of my thoughts is offered humbly at
thy feete, which shall euer confesse none so beautifous as Miri-
mida. Then as Venus for reward gave Paris Helena, so curteous
Pimph, be prodigal of thy fauors, and giue me thy heart, which
shall be to me more deare then a hundred Helens.

But here perhaps thou wilt object, that mens pleas are like
Painters Wensels which draw no substance but shadows, that
to the worst proportions giue the richest colours, & to the cour-
sest pictures the finest glasse; that what we write is of course,
and when we find passions, then are we least passionate, hauing
forrowfull pens when we haue secure hearts, & looking looks
when we haue laughing thoughts. I cannot deny (sweet Pi-
stris) but that hot loues are like a bawing blaze, & that men can
promise more in a moment, then they wil performe in a month.
I know there was a Demophoon that deceived Phillis, an Ae-
neas that falsified his faith to Dido, a Theseus that forsooke his
Ariadne: yet measure not al by some mens minde: of a few par-
ticular instances, conclude not generall axiomes: though some
haue bin flatering, thinke not al to be false: try me, I referre your
passions to my prooue, & as you finde me loyal, so reward mee
with loue. I craue no authentical grant, but a superficial fauor,

say (Mirimida) that Radagon shall be welcome if he be faithfull, & then my hope shall comfort my hart. In which suspence I reI confused at the barre of your curtesie. Farewell.

*Mirimidaes Radagon, though she will not
be Radagons Mirimida.*

This she read ouer twise and blusht at it, as feeling a little heat, but straight she sighed, & shakt it from her heart, and had laid it by, but that turning ouer the next page, she espied certain verses, which was a Canzon pend thus.

Radagon in Dianam.

Non iuga Taurus amat: qua tamen edit habet.

It was a valley gawdy greene,
Where Dian at the fount was seene:

Greene it was,

And did passe

All other of Dianæs Bowers,

In the pride of Floræes flowers.

A fount it was that no Sunne sees,

Circled in with Cypres trees,

Set so nic,

As Phæbus eye

Could not do the Virgine scathe,

To see them naked when they bathe.

She sate there all in white,

Colour fitting her delight.

Virgins so

Ought to goe,

For white in Armoric is plac't:

To be the colour that is chaste.

Her tassata Cassocke might you see,

Tucked vp above her knee,

Which all did show

There below

Legs as white as Whales bone,

So white and chaste was neuer none.

Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sate her Virgins in a round,

Bathing their
Golden haire,

And singing all in notes hie,

Fie one *Venus* flattering eie.

Fie on Loue, it is a toy,

Cupid widelesse, and a boy.

All her fires

And desires

Are plagues, that God sent from on hie,

To pester men with misery.

As thus the Virgins did disdain,

Louers ioy, and Louers paine;

Cupid nie

Did espie

Griewing at *Dianaes* song,

Slily stole these maids among.

His bow of Steele, darts of fire,

He shot amongst them sweet desire,

Which straight flies

In their eies,

And at the entrance made them start,

For it ran from eye to heart.

Calisto straight supposed *Ioue*,

Was faire and frolicke for to loue.

Dian she

Scap't not free,

For well I wot hereupon

She lou'd the swaine *Endymion*.

Clitia, *Phæbus*, and *Cloris* eye,

Thought none so faire as *Mercuries*

Venus thus

Did discusse,

By her sonne in darts of fire,

None so chaste to checke desire,

Dian rose with all her maides,

Blushing thus at loues braids,

With—

With sighes all
Shew their thrall,
And flinging hence pronounce this Saw,
What so strong as Loues sweet law?

Mirimida hauing read the letter of Radagon, perceiued that loue was in his eyes, and perhaps had slyly toucht his hart: but she that was chary of her choyce, and resolute not to fetter her selfe with fancy, did passe ouer these passions, as men doe the shadowes of a Wainters pensell, which while they view, they praise, & when they haue praised, passe ouer without any more remembrance: yet shee could not but enter into the humorous reach of his conceit, how hee checkt the coy disdain of women in his Sonet: she blusht, & her thoughts went away with her bloud, and so she lighted on the letter that Mullidor had sent her, which droue her into a pleasant vaine. The effects of his passions were these.

Mullidor the male content, with his pen clapt full
of loue, to his Mistris *Mirimida*
greeting.

After my hearty commendations remembred, hoping you be in as good health, as I was at the making hereof. This is to certifie you, that loue may well be compared to a bottle of hay, which once set on fire, will neuer bee quenched: or to a cup full of strong ale, which when a man hath once tasted, he neuer leaves till hee hath drunke it all vp: so Mistris Mirimida, after the furious flames of your eyes had set my poore heart vpon the coales of loue, I was so scorched on the gridiron of affection, that I had no rest til I was almost turned to a coale, and after I had tasted of the liquor of your sweet phisynmie, I neuer left supping of your amiable countenance, till with loue I was almost ready to burst. Consider with your self faire Shepheardisse, that poore men feele paine as well as Princes: that Mullidor is sicke of such a malady, as by no meanes may bee cured, vnlesse your selfe lay a sear-cloth to dray away my sorrowes: then be pittifull to me lest you be counted disdainful, to put so trusty a lover
out

out of his right wits ; for theres no hor, but either I must haue
 you, or else for very plaine loue run mad. It may be (Mirimida)
 you thinke me too base for your beautie: why, when you haue
 married me, I am content to serue you as a man, and to doe all
 those indeauours that belongs to a seruant, and rather to hold
 you for my Mistris, then my wife: then seeing you shall haue the
 soueraignty at my hands, which is a thing that al women desire,
 loue me sweet Mirimida, & think this, if you match with me, olde
 Calena my mother hath that in a clout, that wil do vs both good.
 Thus hoping you wil ponder my passions in your minde, and be
 more curteous then to cast away a yong man for loue. Farewel.

Yours halfe mad, because he would be
 yours, *Mullidor* the malcontent.

Such a poetick fury tooke Mullidor in the bzaines, that hee
 thought to shew his baine in verse, and therefore annexed to his
 letter this pleasant Ditty.

Mullidors Madrigall.

Dildido, dildido,
 Oh loue, oh loue,
 I feele thy rage rumble below and aboue.

In sommer time I saw a face,
Trop belle pour moy *belas* *belas*;
 Like to a ston d horse was her pace:
 Was euer young man so dismaide?
 Her eyes like waxe torches did make me affraid
Trop belle pour moy, voila mon trespas.

Thy beauty (my loue) exceedeth supposes,
 Thy haire is a nettle for the nicest roses,
Mon dieu aide moy
 That I with the Primrose of my fresh wit,
 May tumble her tyranny ynder my feete,
He dunque ie sera un ieune roy.
Trop belle pour moy *belas* *belas*,
Trop belle pour moy, voila mon trespas.

Mirimida hauing read this humorous fancy of Mullidor, began thus to meditate with her self. Listen not fond wench vnto loue, for if thou dost, thou learnest to loose, thou shalt find greife to bee thy gaines, and folly the pay-mistres that rewards all amorous trauels. If thou wed thy selfe to Radagon, thou artmost beyond thy reach: and looking higher then thy fortunes, thou wilt repent thy desires: for Mirimida, affects beyond compassse, haue oftentimes ill effects, rich robes haue note uerswaite consent, & therefore the meane is the merriest honour. What then, must Eurymachus of all these thee be the man that must make vp the match: he is a shepheard and harbours quiet in his cottages, his wishes are not aboue his wealth, nor doth his conceite climbe higher then his desarts. He hath sufficient to shrowd thee from want, & to maintaine the state of an honest life. Shepherdes wrong not their wines with suspicion, nor do Country Swaines esteem lesse of their lones then higher degrees. But Mirimida, meane men haue frownes as well as Kings: the least haire hath his shadow, the Fly her spleene, the Ant her gall, and the poorest Peasant his choler. Peasants can wield a cudgel better then a great Lord, and dissention will haue a sting amongst the meanest. If therefore marriage must haue her inueniencē, better golden giues then yron fetters. What sayest thou then to Mullidor: that he is Mullidor, and let that suffice to shake him off as a scule: for it were thy discredit to haue only a Woodcock to keep the Wolf from the doze. Why then mearest thou not to loue: No fond lasse, if thou bee wise: for what is sweeter then liberty? And what burthen heavier then the fist of a scoward husband. Amongst many Scorpions thou lookest for one Cele: amongst a hedge full of nettles for one flower: amongst a thousand flatterers for one that is faithfull: and yet when thou hast him, thy thoughts are at his wil, and thy actions are limited to his humors. Beware Mirimida, strike not at a scale, because it is painted, though honey be sweet. Bees haue stings: there is no sweeter life then is chastity, for in that estate thou shalt liue commended and vncontrolld.

Vpon this shee put vp the letters, and because she would not leade her Louers into a Labyrinth of hops, shee appointed them al to meet her at the Sheepsolds on one day & at one houre, where the Woodcocks that stood vpon thornes to heare their censure, met without

without faile : After salutes past betweene Mirimida and them she began to parly with them thus.

Gentlemen, all rinals in loue & aimers at one fortune, though you thre affect like desire to haue Mirimidaes fauour, yet but one of you can weare the flower, & perhaps none: for it is as my fancy censures: therfore, are you content that I shal set downe which of you, or whether none of you shall enioy the end of your suites; & who so is forsaken, to part hence with patience, & neuer more to talke of his passions : To this they all agreed, & she made this answer. Why then Radagon and Eurymachus, weare you the willow Garland, not that I hold either your degrees or deserts worthelesse of a fairer then Mirimida : but that the destinies do so appoint to my desires, that your affects cannot worke in me any effects. At this Radagon and Eurymachus frowned, not so much that they were forsaken, but that so beautiful a Creature would wed her selfe to such a deformed asse as Mullidor: and the foole, he simpered it in hope to haue the wench. Now (quoth she) Mullidor may hope to be the man : but trust me, as I found him I leaue him, a dolt in his loues, and a foole in his fortunes. At this they laught, and he hung the head, and she left them all.

Radagon taking his Hawke to die at the partridge: Eurymachus marching with his sheephooke to the folds Mullidor hying home to his mother to recount his mishaps, & Mirimida singing that there was no Goddesse to Diana, no life to liberty, nor no loue to chastity.

Francesco, Isabell, and all the rest of the guests applauded this discourse of the pleasant host, and for that it was late in the night they all rose, and taking their leane of Francesco, departed; he and his wife, bidding their Host good night, and so going to bed, wher we leaue them to leade the rest of their liues in quiet.

Thus (quoth the Palmer) you haue heard the discouery of youths follies, and a true discourse of a Gentlemans fortunes. But now courteous Palmer (quoth the Gentleman) it restes that we craue, by your owne promise, the reason of your pilgrimage to Venice. That (quoth the Palmer) is discourt in a word: for know sir that intoyning my selfe to penance for the follies of my youths passions, hauing liued in loue, and therefore reapt al my losse by loue: hearing that of all the Citties in Europe, Venice

hath most semblance of Venus vanities; I goe thither, not only to see fashions, but to quip at follies, that I may draw others from that harme that hath brought me to this hazard.

The gentlewomen of Venice your neighbors, but unknowne to mee, haue more fauours in their faces, than vertue in their thoughts: & their beauties are more curious then their qualities be precious, caring more to be figured out with Helen, then to be famousd with Lucrece: they strive to make their faces gorgeous, but neuer seeke to fitte their minds to their God, and couet to haue more knowledge in loue than in religion: their eyes bewray their wantonnesse, not their modesty: and their looks are lures that reclaime not Watokes, but make them only baite at dead scales. As the Gentlewomen, so are the men, loose liuers, straight louers, such as hold ther consciences in their purses, and their thoughts in their eyes: committing that houre ill spent that in fancy is not mispent. Because therefore this great City of Venice is holden Loues Paradise, thither do I direct my Pilgrimage, that seeing their passions, I may, being a Palmer, winne them to penance, by shewing the miseries that Venus mixeth with their momentary contents: if not, yet I shal carry home to my countrymen, salues to cure their sores: I shall see much, heare little, & by the insight into others mens extremes, retorne more wary, meaning then to visite you and make you prync to all.

The hardful Host hauing iudicially vnderstood the pittifal report of the Palmer giuing truce to his passions, with the teares he spent, and resolu'd to requite that thankfull which he had attended hardfully, gaue this Catastrophe to his sad and sorrowfull discourse. Palmer, thou hast with the Kitrell foresheved the storme ere it comes, painting out the shapen of loue as liuely as the grapes in Zeuxis tabels were pourtrayed cunningly: thou hast lent youth Eagles eyes to behold the Sun: Achilles sword to cut and recure, leaning those medicines to salve others, that hath lost thy selfe, and hauing burnt thy wings with the fire, by dallying too long with the fire: thou hast bequeathed others a lesson with the Unicorn, to preuent person by preseruens, before they taste with the lip. The only request I make in requitall of my attention, is, that thou leaue certaine testimonies on these wals, whereon whensoever I looke, I shall remember

Francescoes

The second part.

Francescoes follies, and thy foresight.

The Palmer esteeming the courteous reply of his host, and desirous to satisfie his request, drawing blood from the vaine Cephalia, (on an arch of white Iuoy, erected at the end of an Arbor, adozned with Honyuckles and Roses) he wrot thus with a pen-sell.

In greener yeares when as my greedy thoughts
Can yeeld their homage to ambitious will,
My feeble wit that then preuailed noughts,
Perforce presented homage to his ill.

And I in follies bondes fulfilled with crime,
At last vnloosed, thus spide my losse of time.

As in his circular and ceaselesse ioy,
The yeare begins, and in it selfe returns,
Refresh't by presence of the eye of day,
That sometimes nye, and sometimes farre sojourns,
So loue in me (conspiring my decay)
With endlesse fire my heedlesse bosome burnes;
And from the end of my aspiring sinne;
My paths of error hourelie doth begin.

Aries.

When in the Ram the Sun renewes his beames,
Beholding mournfull earth arraid in greefe,
That waites releefe from his refreshing gleames;
The tender flockes reioicing their releefe,
Doe leape for ioy, and lap the siluer streames.
So at my prime when youth in me was chiefe,
All Heifer-like with wanton horne I playd,
And by my will, my wit to loue betrayde,

Taurus.

When *Phaebus* with *Europas* bearer bides,
The spring appeares, impatient of delaies,
The labourer to the fields his plow-swaines guides,
He sowes, he plants, he buildes at all assaies
When prime of yeares that many errors hides,
By fancies force did trace vngodly wayes,
I blindfold walkt, disdainig to behold,
That life doth vade, and young men must be old.

Gemini,

When in the hold whereas the twinnes doe rest,
 Proud *Phlegon* breathing fire doth last amaine
 The trees with leaues, the earth with flowers is drest:
 When I in pride of yeares and peeuish braine
 Presum'd too farre, and made fond loue my guest,
 With frosts of care my flowers were nipt amaine.
 In height of weale who beares a carelesse hart,
 Repents too late his ouer foolish part.

Cancer.

When in *Astiuall Cancers* gloomy bower
 The greater glory of the heauens doth shine,
 The ayre is calme, the birds at euery flower,
 To tempt the heauens with harmomy diuine.
 When I was first inthralld to *Cupids* power,
 In vaine I spent the May month of my time,
 Singing for ioy to see my captiue thrall
 To him, whose gaines are grieffe, whose cōfort smal.

Leo.

When in the height of his Meridian walke,
 The Lyons hold contains the eye of day,
 The ryping corne growes yellow in the stalke,
 When strenght of yeares did bleffe me euery way,
 Maskt with delights of folly was my talke.
 Youth ripened all my thoughts to my decay:
 In lust I sowed, my fruite was losse of time,
 My hopes are proud, and yet my body slime.

Virgo.

When in the Virgins lap earths comfort sleeps,
 Bating the furie of his burning eyes,
 Both corne and fruits are firmd, and comfort creepes
 On euery plant and flowre that springing rise.
 When age at last his chiefe dominion keepes,
 And leades me on to see my vanities,
 What loue and scant foresight did make me sowe
 In youthfull yeeres, is ripened now in woe.

The second part.

Libra.

When in the ballance *Daphnes* Lemman blins,
The Plough-man gathereth fruite for passed paine,
When I at last considered of my sinnes,
And thought vpon my youth and follies vaine,
I cast my count, and reason now begins
To guide mine eies with iudgemēt, bought with paine:
Which weeping with a better way to finde,
Or els for euer to the world be blinde.

Scorpio.

When with the Scorpion proud *Apollo* playes,
The wines are trode and carried to their presse,
The woods are feld gainst winters sharpe affaires.
When grauer yeares my iudgement did addresse,
I gan repaire my ruines and decaies,
Exchanging will to wit and fothfastnesse:
Claiming from Time and Age no good but this,
To see my siane, and sorrow for my misse.

Sagittarius.

When as the Archer in his winter hold,
The *Delian* Harper tunes his wonted loue,
The ploughman sowes and tilles his laboured mold:
When with aduise and iudgement I approue,
How loue in youth hath greese for gladnesse sold,
The seedes of shame I from my hart remoue,
And in their steeds I set downe plants of grace,
And with repent bewaile my youthfull race,

Capricornus.

When he that in *Eurosas* siluer glide
Doth baine his tresse, beholdeth *Capricorne*,
The day growes short; then hasties the winters tide,
The sun with sparing lights doth seeme to mourne
Gray in the greene, the flowers their beauty hide:
When as I see that I to death was borne,
My strength decayd, my graue already drest,
I count my life my losse, my death my best.

Aquarius.

Aquarius

When with *Aquarius Phæbus* brother staies,
Cold frost and snowes the pide of earth betrayes:
VWhen age my head with hoarie haire doth fill,
Reason is downe, and bids me count my daies,
And pray for peace, and blame my froward will,
In depth of greefe in this distresse I cry
Peccavi, Domine miserere mei.

Pisces

VWhen in the Fishes mansion *Phæbus* dwels,
The dayes renew, the earth regaines his rest:
VWhen old in yeares my want my death fore tels
My thoughts & praier to heauen are wher adrest.
Repentance, youth by folly quite expels:
I long to be dissolued for my best:
That young in zeale, long beaten with my rod,
I may grow old to wisdom, and to God.

The Palmer had no sooner finished his circle, but the Post
uer read his conceit, and wondring at the excellency of his wit,
from his experience began to sucke much wisdom, & being ve-
ry loath to detain his guest too long: after they had broken their
fast, and the good man of the house curteously had giuen him
thanks for his fauour, the Palmer set forward towards Ve-
nice: what there he did, or how he liued, when I am aduertised
(good Gentlemen) I will send you tidings. Meane while, let
euerie one learne (by Francescoes fall) to beware, lest at last (too
late) they be enforced to bewaile.

Finis.



